

1911

1911 Kooltuo

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KOOLTUO

AN ANNUAL PUBLISHED AT
ELLENSBURG, WASHINGTON
BY THE JUNIOR CLASS OF THE
WASHINGTON STATE NORMAL

VOLUME V



To
John H. Munson

The Scientist, who Lives for His Work but is never Forgetful of His Students, and whose Enthusiastic Interest in Science has Done Much to Show us the Way to the Scientific Endeavor after Truth, We, the Junior Class of 1911, Dedicate this Volume of the Kooltuo



53798



Our Alma Mater

Here's to our Normal, truest and best,
Full of the spirit of this mighty West.

Here's to her daughters, and many there are,
That flock to our Normal from homes near and far.

Her sons deserve honor, though numbering few:
To their dear Alma Mater they are loyal and true.

Then, hail to our Normal! May her pennant so brave
Forever in glory, continue to wave!

Prologue

Two score and eleven months ago, a class of Juniors brought forth into this Normal School, a new custom, conceived in glory and dedicated to the proposition that "genius is ninety per cent perspiration."

Now, we are engaged in a great undertaking, testing whether that custom, or any custom so conceived, can long survive. We have met and decided that it has lived and can live. We have met to dedicate a portion of our undertaking to those who have preceded us and who labored long and faithfully that this custom might survive the ravages of the various classes.

For this reason, we, the Junior Class of 1911, here highly resolve that our predecessors have not labored in vain, but that this custom shall, under our management, have a new birth of greatness and that this Kooltuo, the work of the students, for the students and by the students shall not perish from the history of this Normal School.

Staff

Editor-in-chief - - - - Stella Wagness
Associate Editors - - - Beatrice Griffin, Susie Core
Business Managers - - - Louis Crozier, De Fore Cramblitt

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Dormitory - - - - Isabel Pratt
Cottage Club - - - - Glow Williams
Normal Club - - - - Myrtle Bull
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Advertising - - - - Lillian Smith, Annette Rehmke
Ruth Bartholet

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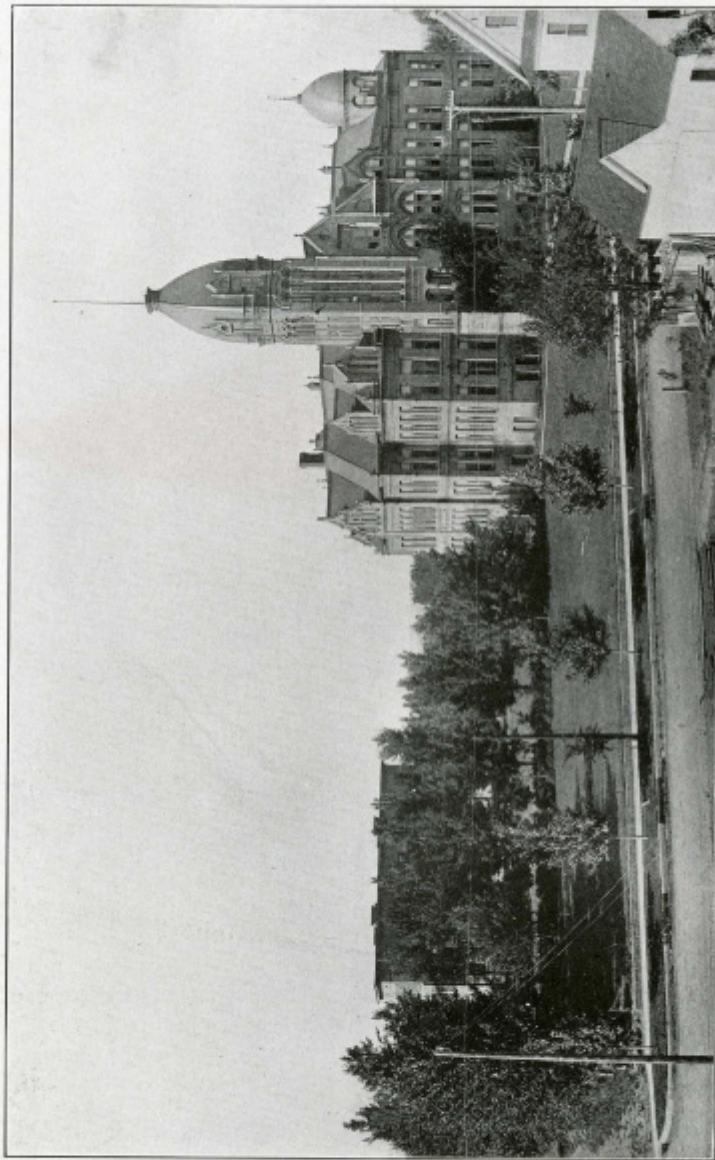
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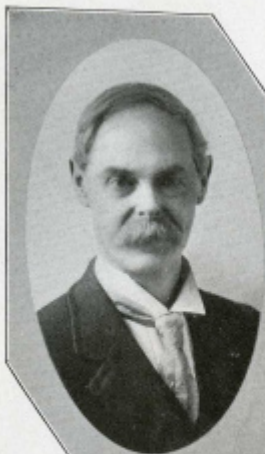
Normal Yell

Zip, Boom, Bah! Who, Gah, Hah!

W. S. N. S., Rah! Rah! Rah!



WASHINGTON STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.



WILLIAM E. WILSON, A. M., MONMOUTH, ILL.,
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Education and History



JOHN HENRY MORGAN, A. M.,
FURMAN, S. C.
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Mathematics



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Physical Science



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Psychology and Education



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Observation Teacher



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Assistant Latin and English



AMY COLE
Assistant Domestic Economy



NELLIE N. NASH
Domestic Economy



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HARVARD
History
Rural School Supervisor



EDITH H. RINGER
Observation Teacher

CATHERINE M. McMURCHY,
A. B., W. S. C.
Assistant in Training School



VERA J. MAXWELL
Secretary



ELLA G. WARNER
Librarian



JOHN P. MUNSON, PH. D., CHICAGO
Biological Sciences
Sociology

Toast to the Faculty

To the members of the faculty, our kind advisers and friends, we offer this toast in token of our appreciation of all they have done in preparing us to fill our places in the world.

From Prof. Klemme we have learned that to be a millionaire of brains is more desirable than to be a millionaire of money. Miss Hutchinson has pointed out the sparkling fountain of perpetual youth to be found in her physical culture classes. This is but a part, for every Junior has also advanced greatly along mathematical lines in Prof. Morgan's classes. We can never forget those books on the art of teaching English which were so frequently called into service in Junior English under Dr. Harris. We have acquired enough Latin under Miss McMurchy and Miss Hazelton to live among the Romans; many of the students have become so proficient in German as taught by Miss Meisner as to be able to carry on their courtships in that tongue. To the girls, we recommend Miss Nash and Miss Cole, who can make them skilful in the domestic arts. It might be a help to these same maidens to know something of the practical art of manual training taught in Prof. Whitney's class, in order that they may be able to hit the nail on the head. This would in no way interfere with the plans of Prof. Frazee, who strives to inspire them to look to higher things, that they may be better able to hitch their wagon to a star.

When it comes to Art, we think it evident that Mrs. Arthur and Miss Hunt studied at different institutions, for the latter insists on high lights, while with the former, low lights are much preferred. To Miss Malmsten, who is equally capable in directing operas and orchestras, and in teaching lullabies to first graders, Juniors, and Seniors, we owe our new enjoyment of music.

Athletics? Yes! Mr. Potter, our worthy coach, has pointed out the straight and narrow way to victory.

We all need models, and the Training school teachers have indeed proved themselves such. They have given us an added inspiration for our pedagogical careers, the foundation of which has been so carefully planned by the Training School supervisors. We shall also carry with us Mr. Nesbit's smile which has brought sunshine into many a gloomy hour.

Our close acquaintance with earthworms is due to Dr. Munson, and every one has enjoyed the rides to the rural school, chaperoned by Prof. Collins, whose authority on applications is indisputable.

Especially shall we always be mindful of Professor Wilson, who has administered justice and dispensed knowledge for our benefit in the dear old Normal we all love so well.



Senior Class

Class teachers - - - Prof. Wilson, Miss Hutchinson
Miss Housley, Miss Hazelton

Class Colors - - - Lavender and Purple

Eifel Tower, cycle wheel;
Motor boat and automobile;
Shoot the chutes;
Loop the loop;
Seniors! Seniors!
Rickety! Rut!
S-r-r-r-r!
Boom!
Seniors!!!

When You're a Senior

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Senior's life's an idle dream.
You'll not think so, oh, you Juniors,
When you come to "Form and Theme."

Seniors oft look pale and worried.
That's not your fault nor is't mine;
But you see their looks abstracted,
Hear them whisper: "Art Outline."

From room 12, you hear a shrieking.
Is some one ill? you ask.
"No," you hear the neighbor mutter
"'Tis that Senior Music Class."

Where are Seniors grave and pompous?
Where do they just toe the rule?
Not far seek you thus to find them,
Surely in the Training School.

Senior's life is real and earnest;
'Tis not all work and no play.
There are good times to be cherished
In our hearts for many a day.

—L. E.

LESLIE RAYMOND KLEMME—Ellensburg, Wash.

Leslie is a Senior, best loved in all the class
He is never known to worry, he is never in a
hurry,
"Then hurrah for Leslie Raymond!" says the
class.

LEE A. McMANUS—Cashmere, Wash.

A jolly good fellow is he, you see,
As the Senior Class President truly should be,
Business manager of Year Book, he must own
And twice, on Student Day, as Whitney was
known.
President of Eclectic for many a day. Presi-
dent of Students, and in Glee Club a star,
in Orchestra and Basket Ball too you see,
In Track, Foot-ball, Base ball and all is Lee.

AGNES MONTGOMERY—Burnett, Wash.

In our class play she was villain, just one
year ago,
And now a prim governess in the Japanese
show.
Class President she was in nineteen-ten,
In Y. W., Treble Clef and Crescent she's
been.

EVA DOVE—Bickleton, Wash.

She did Miss Hoffman right up brown,
The head of the Kooltuo of nineteen-ten,
President and Secretary she has been, upon
assembly day.
Held office in Y. W. and Eclectic too, they
say.





KATHERINE McDONALD—Tacoma, Wash.

To our secretary, greetings from the Senior Class.

To our president, give greetings every dormitory lass!

She's a member of Eclectic, also Y. W. C. A. President of student body, should you think her hair'd turn gray?

GERALDINE MESSICK—Port Townsend, Wn.

Here's to the southern lady with the accent sweet!

Entered from Bellingham Normal, dainty and dimpled and neat!

Vice president of Eclectic, and also Y. W. C. A.

Secretary of Student Body, dormitory house president they say.

She's been Dr. Harris two Student's Days; I believe that is all for today.

GERTRUDE CORBETT—Huntsville, Wash.

Stop, look, listen, put away your alarms, 'tis only the Student Body Sergeant-at-arms. She's a Club House girl, as is very well known,

The president and secretaryship was her own. She's a faithful Eclectic, as all Corbetts are In treble clef she is also a star, the Y. W. C. A. claims her for a member, and tennis also we remember.

STELLA FORSYTHE—Tacoma, Wash.

Stella, known as Mrs. Stockton, in the Junior play,

Has been in dear old Normal, two short years, or so they say.

We have heard that she's Eclectic, and she's surely very wise.

And in painting pretty pictures, she would truly take a prize.

LECIL EVANS—Pendleton, Oregon.

We'll never forget all she used to do,
How she worked in Crescent and stories she wrote,
Was chosen class poet by unanimous vote,
And the president in Y. W. too,
We'll remember her big heart, so kind and true.

JAMES MCKINSTRY—Ellensburg, Wash.

Five centuries long the football he chased,
and basketball teams for years he has faced,
Has appeared in assembly again and again,
once secretary, twice Mr. Nesbit has been.
He belongs to the Glee Club and sure he can sing,
we know our Jim can be any great thing.

MARGARET WILDER—Auburn, Wash.

Has headed Eclectic and in Junior play, has had many a chance to say her say,
As Y. W. member each Wednesday she stays,
She knows much to say and she means what she says.

EVA M. SHOTWELL—Ellensburg, Wash.

She joined Treble Clef singing sweetly,
And has found herself many friends,
She was always a true loyal Crescent,
And will be till eternity ends.





GERTRUDE NELSON—Montesano, Wash.

Since she entered here as Senior, she's been
Crescent president.
In Miss Malmsten's flock of songsters, she
has won renown and honor
In the girl's Association, she has been an
ardent member,
Last of all, she's been elected president of
Student Body.

FRANCES GILCHRIST—Tacoma, Wash.

In Treble Clef singing and in minuet, she's
born all the labors that we mortals get.
Secretary she's been, in Eclectic too, vice
president's duties she's been asked to do.
But still just as light, as lithsome and airy,
Though working so hard, is our golden haired
fairy.

ARTHUR BEARDSLEY—North Yakima, Wash.

In the Glee Club, Arthur's sung for many
days,
Eclectic leadership has showered huge bou-
quets upon his fame
Till he is chosen in preference to half a dozen
To serve as vice president on assembly days.
He has been so very busy, it would fairly
make him dizzy,
If he were not so level headed, don't you
know.

GRACE GOBLE—Sunnyside, Wash.

We know genius when we see it, even if we
can't all be it.
She's a poet and musician while we're all of
us just wishin'
That instead of just at fishin' we had brains,
also ambition
Like to Grace.
She's a Crescent, staunch and true, on the
Year Book she worked too.
Treble Clef and orchestra wouldn't have
known what to do
But for Grace.

EVELYN CORBETT—Huntsville, Wash.

Evelyn's handsome and Evelyn's good, we'd
all be like her if only we could.

Y. W. C. A. has her name on its list, and
from Eclectic and Treble Clef she would be
missed.

Assembly's president through November and
in "Alabama," I remember.

ANN CLERF—Ellensburg, Wash.

Here's to the girl who played Basket Ball, in
the years gone by,

President of Crescent also in the years gone
by.

This year Vice President of our class was she,
Student body vice president too, we see.

And also, in the Junior play, Miss Ann was
Armstrong, witty and gay.

CECELIA GIBSON—Ellensburg, Wash.

If you had been a Crescent in the year of
1916,

You'd know who was president, for 'twas
Cecelia then.

She sang also in Treble Clef, and was on
Y. W. C. A.

As it's earnest, loyal secretary for many a
long day.

SAMUEL E. RUGG—Weston, Ore.

Samuel Ebenezer Rugg, who is better known?
Thrice in assembly he's appeared, as Klemme,
Collins, now don't groan.

But I'm sure you'll remember how Sam came
with constitution armed,

Till students grew frightened and fled in
alarm.

Dancing minuet, playing tennis or foot ball,
or track,

That's all the athletics, yet there is more;
Eclectic to Sam was never a bore.

To the Boys' Glee Club he gave his voice,
And for class reporter he was always the
choice.





ALICE HOLGERSON—Tacoma, Wash.

Little Alice is her name, from Tacoma High she came,
Member of Y. W. C. A., officer of Crescent too they say,
In singing she's without a peer, so in Treble Clefs she's sung each year.

FLORENCE KNOELL—Tacoma, Wash.

A little bit of everything, she can dance and play and sing.
Always jolly, always bright, and she likes those spreads at night.
She has served Eclectic well, and Miss Malmsten's roll will tell
That Treble Clef has been a part of her great big bouncing heart.

EDITH LIND—Tacoma, Wash.

In the Junior play and the Kooltuo she's gladly done her work,
Eclectic task and Club House, too, she has not thought to shirk.
In tennis club and orchestra, in Y. W. C. A. and Treble Clef,
In each and every one of these, she's pleasant memories left.

EMMELINE PALMER—Ellensburg, Wash.

You've heard of Mary and her lamb, but here 'tis Emmeline,
And she's as faithful to her Lamb, as the girl of olden time.
She won't join Literaries, for to Lamb's club she's still true.
She was Student Body vice president, and belongs to Y. W. too.

MARY MILLER—Ellensburg, Wash.

Follow her to school one day and you will see
her go
To learn of Froebel's mother play and things
like that, you know.
She's President of Crescent and played in
basket ball.
She's always bright and pleasant, with smiles
and laughs for all.

CHARLES NEWTON—Oakville, Wash.

He was President once of Eclectic,
Is the Senior Class Sergeant-at-arms,
Is one of the Glee Club bass singers,
So just put away your alarms.
Student body Secretary was he,
And he'll be remembered for many a day.

MYRTLE HUBER—

Talk against girl athletes, if you dare!
Here's a healthy looking sample so take care.
She was captain of the team, but quite dif-
ferent she did seem,
When on the platform, unabashed, she well
did represent Miss Nash.

AURA HUNSECKER—Ellensburg, Wash.

She entered from Ellensburg High school,
Grew up in our own little town,
She's a faithful member of Crescent,
But her heart's on Y. W. C. A.
An active cabinet member,
In fact it's very mainstay.





CHRISTABEL CORBETT—Huntsville, Wash.

Here's the youngest of the Corbetts,
 Eighth grade teacher, if you please,
 Although once she was Miss Ringer,
 And "she sure was a humdinger,"
 Thrice we write her secretary of Eclectic just
 as well,
 As of Club house and Student Body,
 Yet, more honors we must tell, Missionary
 chairman was she, of the Y. W. C. A., Vice
 president also of Eclectic,
 That's enough for her today.

RUTH CAROLYN CARROL—Ellensburg, Wash.

"Eclectic, live forever," so says this bonny
 maid,
 For she's a loyal member, so everybody said.
 Her home's in our own city, yes, she's a thor-
 oughbred.
 A pleasant and useful life this happy maiden's
 led.

DELOCIA MCKINSTRY—Ellensburg, Wash.

When you see her, if you're just, then in her
 you surely must
 Say that you would put your trust like the
 Seniors do.
 For our treasurer, thrice she's been, she's the
 one who held
 The "tin," for the Seniors. Eclectic sergeant-
 at-arms was she.

IDA MENZIES—Roslyn, Wash.

As busy working as the most of us, worth as
 much as the best of us
 In Y. W. C. A. she's always worked and in
 Eclectic never shirked.

NELA NELSON—North Yakima, Wash.

Our jolly Miss Nelson is "Kid garten" queen,
And there with the children, her life is serene.
Her name is in Crescent, Y. W. C. A.
She reads well and writes well
And what is still more, she'll be a good
teacher, she's been one before.

LOUIS TREMPE—Lester, Wash.

He entered as Freshie in 1904, but quit school
and taught for two years or more.
He's led the assembly, and tennis club too,
He sings in the Glee Club, and keeps the
class money.
In Eclectic he has had lots to do, but he al-
ways stays jolly, and always stays funny.

ROSE SHOTWELL—Ellensburg, Wash.

In this country pleasing, in these hills so gray,
She has the school spirit, what more would
you say?
In music and Crescent she works every day,
She'll be a good teacher, for she is sincere,
She'll be successful in all things is clear.

SARA BALDWIN—Ellensburg, Wash.

Little Sara is a Crescent, Basket ball she's
always played.
Since her home is in our city, here she's al-
ways stayed.





EMILE MILLS—Ellensburg, Wash.

Here is another from Ellensburg High
Came to us just two year ago.
Last year she left us, unkindly bereft us,
But she had to come back, don't you know.

FERN CORBETT—Huntsville, Wash.

The Club House she has engineered,
Assembly Presidency she's neared.
In Treble Clef she has sung too,
And to Eclectic she's been true.

MARIE BARTHOLET—Ellensburg, Wash.

She came to Normal long ago, then went to
Lourdes as you know,
But last year she came back again, and joined
the Junior Class, naught ten.

PRISCILLA LAFFERTY—Port Townsend, Wash.

Why of course, this is Priscilla, whom the
training children fear.
She's right-hand member of Y. W. C. A.,
she's also an Eclectic, present each day.

CHARLOTTE WALLACE—Ellensburg, Wash.

She has been in Normal many a year,
Started in her younger days,
In the training school, she says;
Now, the older, it seems rather sartin
She's growing young in Kindergarten.

VESSIE B. KEENON—Ellensburg, Wash.

O here is the star in English, and in Doctor
Munson's class too,
She helped in the 1909 Kooltuo, and sang in
Treble Clef too,
And always in Y. W. she has been true.



Senior Class Will

Know all people by these presents: That we, the members of the Senior Class of the Washington State Normal School in the city of Ellensburg considering the uncertainty of this life, and being unusually sound of mind and memory, do make, declare, and publish this our last will and testament.

To the Faculty, we bequeath and dedicate our services in the near future, and will hold them as the most sacred of our many cherished memories.

To the Juniors, we bequeath our section and class room, of which tradition alone can relate the many thrilling incidents in the history of our school. We trust that those who fill the vacant places will be an inspiration to the school, and an example to all posterity.

To the school, we bequeath our best wishes, and hope no time will be spared till they have crossed the deep chasm of knowledge made possible by our grand and glorious state.

In testimony whereof, we leave our last will and testament acknowledged by our tokens of good will in the Kooltuo of 1911.



Mid Year Graduates

ESTHER NILSON—

Seattle, Wash.

A loyal Eclectic was she
And faithful as ever can be.
In Y. W. work was Esther,
An excellent teacher is she.
And since she has gone we
have missed her.

LILLIBEL SCOTT—

North Yakima, Wash.

She's small but O my! is our
"Deacon,"
She's a wonder when it comes
to teachin'
And I want you to know that
it's all very so,
You've missed it if you don't
know our "Deacon."

EDITH STILL—Milton, Oregon.

She was first President of the
year and did her duty well.
Eclectic work she never
shirked, tho' much to her
befell.

JANE HARRIS—

La Grande, Oregon.

Some call her "nigga," and
some call her dear,
Many call her "teacher" and
look at her with fear.
Jane is from Oregon, so hail
to the state.
For she'll win her way to
glory, and prove herself
truly great.



Junior Class

Class Teachers - - - Prof. Klemme, Mr. Potter,
Miss Malmsten.

Class Colors - - - - Green and lavender.

Ma, he! ma, ha! ma, ho!
Rummernickel Bummernickel,
Nitcap, soapfat,
Moorang!
Hobble gobble, razzle dazzle;
Hobble gobble, firecracker;
Hobble gobble, Razoo!
Johnnie, blow your bazoo!
Zip! boom! bah!
Juniors! Juniors!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Sixty Little Juniors

Sixty little Juniors in Assembly Hall. Sixty little Juniors answering roll call.
Manners meek and faces mild, like some darling little child,
Sit up straight with folded hand, like some little pilgrim band,
Never turn around and talk, never race or run, but walk,
Never ask "why," just obey. Never question what you say.
Never cross, always smiling, never any time beguiling.
Always sweet and kind and sunny, never spunky, mean, or funny,
Perfect little lads and lasses, not just like the other classes.
Have their lessons every time. Don't read books that cost a dime.
Never spend their time at play, but they work the live long day,
In the evening they stay home, never from their rooms they roam.
Never absent, never late, never swing on garden gate.
Our Juniors always keep the rule, at the Washington State Normal school.
Never rushed or in a hurry, never impatient or in a flurry.
Always do the things they should, never shirk, altho they could.
Never pouty, never grumbling, watch their way to keep from stumbling.
Always earnest and sincere, always bright and full of cheer.
Always studious, always wise, never heaving any sighs.
They are good as they can be, never from their duty flee.
Sixty Juniors in Assembly Hall, answering to the roll call.



LILLIAN SMITH.

"Mistress of herself tho' China fall."

RUTH BARTHOLET.

"A rose with its sweetest leaves yet unfolded."

EVELYN ABERNETHY.

"Whence is thy learning? Hast thy toil o'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

CHESTER ROBINSON.

"O, it is excellent to have a giant's strength."

JOSIE MARSHALL.

"True as the dial to the sun."

VELMA CURRIER.

"Her voice is ever soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."

MOLLIE BROWN

"A merry girl within the limits of becoming mirth."

MYRTLE GLEASON

"The deed I intend is great, as yet I know not what."

GOLDIE HOFFMAN

"She is of a young and of a modest nature."

OLIVE LAUFELD

"The reason firm the temperate will, endurance, foresight, strength and skill."

ANNA HINCKLEY

"I'd rather be little and mighty than a big dead one."

EVA MUNSON

"I will climb tho' the rocks be rugged."





GRACE NOBLE

"Grace in all her steps."

LILLY GARVEY

"Who knows nothing base and fears nothing known."

MARY HERATY

"Whose little body lodges a mighty mind."

ELLEN GREEN

"True merit is like a river, the deeper it is the less noise it makes."

OTTO SELLE

"An over-worked man."

KATHLEEN LYNCH

"When she falls short, 'tis nature's fault alone."

ESTHER DALSTROM

"None but herself can be her parallel."

LENA FRASIER

"She is wise if I can judge her."

MARY REID

"In soul sincere, in action faithful, in honor dear."

ANNETTE REHMKE

"In my work or in my fun, I'll do my best for number one."

CLARICE PALMER

"Her overpowering presence makes you feel it would not be idolatry to kneel."

BLANCHE HOWE

"She warbles sweet notes in the air."





MAUDE SANBORN

"She is possessed of inexhaustible good nature."

LELA HOWARD

"The quiet mind is richer than the crown."

MARIAN STANYAR

"A golden halo rests upon her head."

EVA SCOTT

"Nature was here so lavish of her store, that she bestowed until she had no more."

LUCILE WARNER

"Care-free and merry and a worker, and an earnest one at that."

HENRIETTA LOBA

"None named thee but to praise."

STELLA WAGNESS

"There is a woman at the beginning of all great things."

LOUIS CROZIER

"No bounds his headlong vast ambition knows."

BEATRICE GRIFFIN

"An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest."

DEFORE CRAMBLITT

"If fame is to come only after death, I am in no hurry for it."

SUSIE CORE

"My only regret is that I have only one life to give to my school."

CORA FORBES

"Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."





ERMA DULL

"Woman is at best a contradiction still."

ERMA GAY

"She speaks, behaves and acts, just as she ought."

FREDA THOMSEN

"Every action is weighty."

MYRTLE BULL

"Silence is a great art of conversation."

GLOW WILLIAMS

"A sensible and well bred girl."

IRIS WIRTH

"Tell me pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you?"

ISABEL PRATT

"Her eyes as stars of twilight fair, like twilight too, her dusky hair."

MARGARET KAYNOR

"A brown haired, brown eyed little maid."

VERA SANDERSON

"Nor is the world ignorant of her charms."

HATTIE STEWART

"A diamond in the rough."

BELMA ALTICE

"Whom wisdom wooed and wooed not in vain."

LELA BLOOM

"It is her nature to blossom into song."





MARGUERITE HAWES

"He who chooseth me must give and hazard
all he hath."

NED HOFACKER

"A student and a dreamer and of course in
love."

ETTA BLAGG

"I think boys are just horrid."

LUCILE KRUCHEK

"A gladdening laugh in a world of moan."

JESSIE ASPINWALL

"The best gift of the gods is prudence, the
next audacity."

SADIE MILLIKEN

"A girl who can size herself up and forget the
result."

FRANCES SPENCE

"I know 'tis a sin for me to sit and grin."

JENNIE HEUSTIS

"Speech is silver but silence is golden."

GUY FILLMORE

"We're all right, if the girls keep away."

OLIVE JENKINS

"Order is heaven's first law."



Recipe for a Graduate

Take a string of bluffs,
Stir in a pound of very thin excuses;
Add a few recitations according to taste;
Sift thoroughly in an over abundance of athletic
enthusiasm;
Flavor well with moonlight caught on evening
walks;
Then stuff with one night's cramming, and serve
hot at the end of the term.





Fourth Year Class

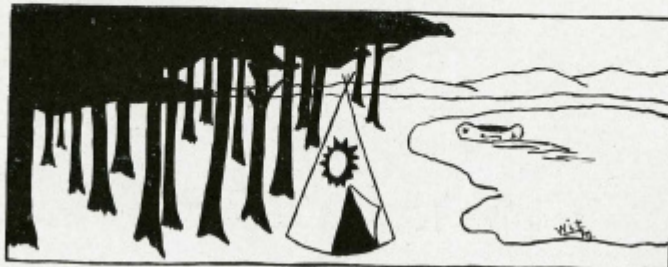
Flower - - - - - White Rose
 Motto - - - - - "Do it now"
 Class Teachers - - - Miss Cole, Prof. Collins.
 Prof. Nesbit

Niger, niger, hoe potater;
 Half past alligator;
 Ram, Bam, Bulligator;
 Chick-a-saw-adaw;
 Fourth Years! Fourth Years!
 Rah! Rah! Rah!

Class Roll

When the Sachem of the Fourth Years,
 Of the Fourth Years strong and thrifty,
 Called a meeting of the tribesmen,
 Gathered they from every classroom
 To the lofty council chamber,
 The Assembly, dark and gloomy.
 And they came from every classroom
 From the art room to the tower,
 From the pleasant room of English,
 From the reeking laboratories,
 And they gathered in the chamber,
 In the lofty hall of meeting.
 Then the Sachem of the Fourth Years
 Spake and told unto his people
 That the juniors, never weary,
 Never tiring of good toiling,
 Were to publish for the classes,
 From the First unto the Seniors,
 Were to print for them the Yearbook,
 Print the Kooltuo that we all love.
 And he said unto his people
 That the juniors in their wisdom
 Set aside a section for them,
 For the tribesmen of the Fourth Years
 And their dauntless deeds of valor.
 And he said unto the classmen:
 "Choose you one from out your number,
 One to tell of ardent study,
 One to sing our love of playing
 And to name each of the tribesmen,

Telling of his skill and prowess,
 Telling of his search for knowledge."
 Then they did as he suggested,
 And they named a singer for him.
 And she wrote a line for each one,
 For the Baldwin sisters comely,
 For the dark one and the fair one.
 And she told of Hazel Bailey,
 She who held the tribesmen's wampum,
 She who wrung the money from them.
 Then she gave a line to Peggy
 She the quick one in the classroom.
 After, named she Inez Champlin,
 Tall and dark, and very charming.
 Then she told of Gwin, the athlete,
 He who passed the ball with cunning.
 Next, the brave young warrior, Henry,
 He the Sachem of the whole tribe,
 He the leader in the dancing.
 And the giver of all wisdom,
 Also sang of Agnes Hackett,
 She who plays the tribesmen's war-dance.
 Told she too of Hurst, the weaver,
 She the weaver of good baskets,
 Baskets strong and firm of handle.
 Next, she told of Bessie Marchbank,
 She the fairest of the Fourth Years.
 Then, of Katherine, of O.
 Of the auburn-haired Miss Katie.
 Also she sang of our fair Helen,
 Of the gentle-speaking lassie,
 Quick of foot and ever ready.
 Sang she, too, of Edith Schnebly
 She the oldest of the tribesmen,
 Who has come up as the tribe came
 From the greenest depths of Freshmen.
 Told she also of our singer,
 She who singeth as the birds sing,
 Francis Wit, our sweetest songbird.
 Then she swiftly wrote of Alene,
 She the whitest of the tribesmen.
 Then she came unto the last one
 Though the last one, not the least one,
 And the name of this one, Edith
 Edith Young, she wrote it fully.
 Then she gave it to the Juniors,
 Never weary of good tolling,
 And they put it in the Yearbook,
 In the Kooltuo that we all love;
 And she signed her name unto it,
 Signed the name of—Mary Ritchie.





ROARK, MARVIN	A noisy flirt.	—An actor.
TIERNEY, WILL	He boards at the chubhouse inn. That's enough to recommend him.	—An Irish minister.
WILSON, ELMA	A telegraph message: You must take a voyage.	—A degree in Latin.
BERG, CLARA	Has she now a bow? Well, we don't know.	—A real student.
BROWN, JURET	A lily maid with a lily hand. A feeling with a real gold band.	—A domestic art teacher.
DAVIS, BIRDIE	The early bird Catches the worms.	—A Biologist.
FRY, OLIVE	Is she a Doctor's Bell? Well, it's rather hard to tell.	—Mathematician.
MEISNER, HILDA	Some said he was Mr. Boling; But I'll guarantee he'll be rolling.	—Chemist.
NOBLE, MINNIE	Truly noble, that's no joke.	—Master in German.
SMITH, SILVA	Crabs are creeping things; But great is the pleasure a tree brings.	—Most anybody.







Second Year Class

Class Colors - - - - - Purple and Gold
Class Flower - - - - - Violet

Amare, Monere,
Regere, capere,
Audire, esse,
Secundi!

Archie McDonald	Carrie Davis
Ray Stenger	Laura Lambson
Glen Crabtree	Lillie Ford
Sibyl Ford	Ella Slingsby
Carmen Woods	Ella Berg
Ivor Struppier	Harriet Taylor
George Champie	Florence Randall
Helen Jenks	Cleofa Champie
Edna Saddler	Gladys MacFarlane

A Picnic

"Gladys, is your box almost ready? Oh, you forgot to put the cups in."
"O dear! I did think I had everything in. Well, maybe I'll get through sometime!"

Gladys MacFarlane and Florence Randall had been left to prepare the luncheon, while Ivor Struppier and Archie MacDonald were to make all preparation for the carriage for the morrow. We were going on a picnic and were to meet some of our friends at the place already chosen. Harriet Taylor, Edna Saddler and I were to make other necessary preparations.

Promptly at seven, all were ready and on the way to the "Woods," where we had selected a nice grassy spot under the trees.

It was about an hour's drive, and we were to go by way of the "Berg" to get some things we wanted for our luncheon. We had to "Ford" the river, but before crossing, we girls climbed out of the carriage to gather some "Lillies" which were growing along the "Banks." We came to a nest of bumble-bees, and as we were full of adventure we must disturb the bees. It was a warm day; the bees were on the war-path, and Edna was struck in the face by a "Stenger," but not badly stung.

At the picnic place, we met our friends, unhitched and fed our horses, then started to explore the "Woods." In the course of our travels we came upon an orchard in which there was a large "Crabtree" loaded with apples. George Champie, on seeing the tree, suggested that Carrie Davis and Ella Slingsby climb over the fence and "Steele" some of the apples. They were in the act of climbing when we saw the owner of the "Crabtree" coming across the fields, so we didn't get any of the crabapples. Then we played soldier. One of the boys was "Captain Jenks," and we marched along the river banks.

Tired of fun and exploration, we returned at last to camp to eat our luncheon, talk and tell stories. It was beginning to grow dark when we started home. The "Colman" had neglected to bring any coal, we found, and we had no "Champion," so we were disappointed in the hot supper we had hoped to have before going to bed.



Alumni

The Class of '08

Behold the good, the wise, the great,
The jolly class of 'nine-teen eight;
They marked for us a path so straight,
And with such knowledge crammed each pate;
That eager minds our coming wait
All over this our glorious state.

Our neighbor Canada invites
The wisdom of the Normalites;
On Puget Sound our satellites
Beam Knowledge into youthful sprites,
While East and South the class unites
In pedagogical delights.

But we are doomed to pass from view.
As family of twenty-two,
Cupid has plied his arts anew,
And several hearts are pierced through;
Like unto those we did review
In our "Midsummer's Dream" so true.

Four gallant youths we gladly claim
To honor these who bear their name,
Upon this change we cast no blame—
Just wait the chance to do the same.
Another one with tiny frame
Comes in for her full share of fame.

In whispers let me tell you that,
Since Eve within the Garden sat,
Or Noah lit on Ararat,
Cherub was ne're so cute, so fat,
No words so sweet, so pure tat tat,
As Margaret Laughlin's little chat.

We bring you greeting, teachers dear,
We love you more each coming year.
Thru darkest tasks we need not fear,
If we but heed your precepts clear;
Would we might banish all that's drear
And fill your lives with joy and cheer.

W. S. N. S. Colony at the U

The W. S. N. S. colony at the University of Washington continues to grow. Altho no attempt has been made to definitely organize, the old Normal spirit is still alive, and binds in fraternal sympathy ten alumni representing six classes dating from 1896 to 1909. Some of the noticeable characteristics of this "club" are the number of hours of work its members carry, the A's received each semester, and the number of hours spent in the "University Workshop" (library). Even on days when the library seems most deserted, an interested observer might discover the majority, if not all of the "tribe," scattered over the large room, utterly oblivious of surroundings—not "grinding," but thoroughly enjoying the art of real study.

Five of the ten will receive A. B. degrees in June:—

Millicent McNeal, '09, in English Literature.
Frank X. Karrer, '08, in Mathematics.
Anna M. Karrer, '05, in German.
Matilda W. Karrer, '05, in English Literature.
Ione Grinrod, '01, in English Literature.

The other five are enrolled in the Junior Class:—

Jeannette Twyman, '05, in German.
Frank T. Wilson, '08, in English Literature.
Frances Farnham, 1896, in German.
Mrs. Christo, nee Alice Henson, 1900.

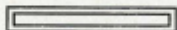
Miss Matilda Karrer has, during the past year, been an assistant on the library staff.



Frank Karrer has the position of tutor in the department of Mathematics.

Mrs. Christoe, as many of her Normal friends know, has become quite a successful author. Her stories of Northwest and Alaskan life have appeared from time to time in the current magazines. She has returned to the U. again this year to reinforce her knowledge in Northwest History and in French.

But the chief pride of the Normal colony is that they are represented in the University faculty, for Assistant Prof. of Geology, E. J. Saunders was for twelve or thirteen years a popular member of the W. S. N. S. faculty. Mrs. Saunders was likewise for several years one of the Training School supervisors. Hence, the spirit of the Normal is well supported in the University, and retains its characteristic vitality.



Alumni Notes Class of '10

In order that our friends in the W. S. N. S. and the Alumni may know that the class of 1910 is still a reality, we wish to tell them that:—

Lillian Anderson began teaching just after Thanksgiving in one of the schools near Ellensburg. She has said that she hardly thinks she will teach next year. If she changes her vocation she requests that her class mates just wait and see to what it is changed. It won't be hard to guess.

Alma Ball, Helen Bryant, Bertha Eidson, Grace Parrish and Bertha McCue are all teaching in Tacoma, where many of the Alumni have loyally entered the ranks of school teachers.

In the valley of the Yakima is gathered quite a clan,
Of nine dear Normal maidens and one lonely man.
These ten people of whom we are most proud,
Along with many others make up a Normal crowd,
Of twenty-three esteemed maidens and two brave young men
Who graduated from our Normal as the Class of 1910.

Olive Landon—Sunnyside,
Rose Clerf—Toppenish,
Edith Perkins—Toppenish,
Ellen Luff—Springdale District, Toppenish,
Margaret Power—Springdale District, Toppenish,
Bessie Richardson—North Yakima,
Jessie Winchester—North Yakima,
Erma Lum—North Yakima,
Eva Marchildon—North Yakima.

About the beginning of the next school year one of these nine dear "maidens" will leave this order and join that of a sister order, "The Mistresses." This young lady is surely on the "Sunny side" of life.

Another of these nine maidens we hear is to join this same order soon. We cannot say just when but perhaps on some lovely summer "Eve."

Still another is a Wanda—rer from this order of Maidens.

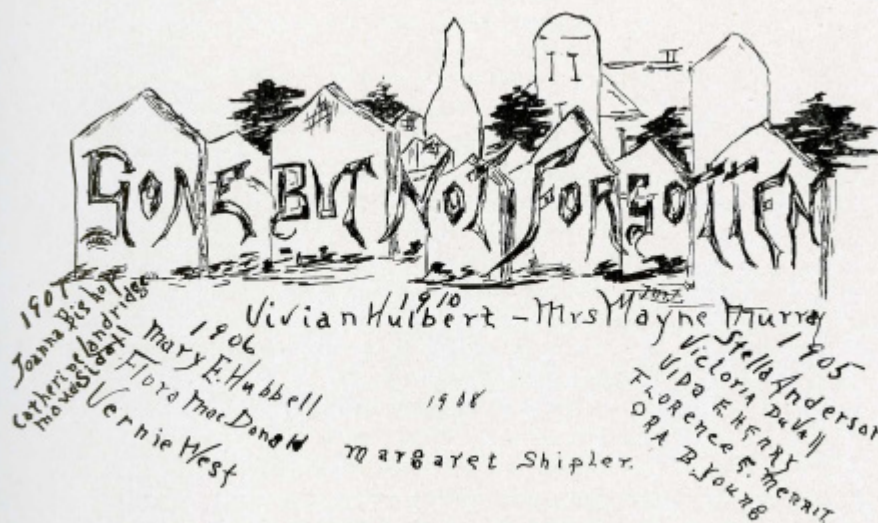
Bernice Dahl is teaching in the Seattle schools. She is the only one of the Class of 1910 to be among the Seattle corps of teachers. Miss Dahl was offered a position as Model teacher in the Training School of the W. S. N. S. but was unable to accept it.

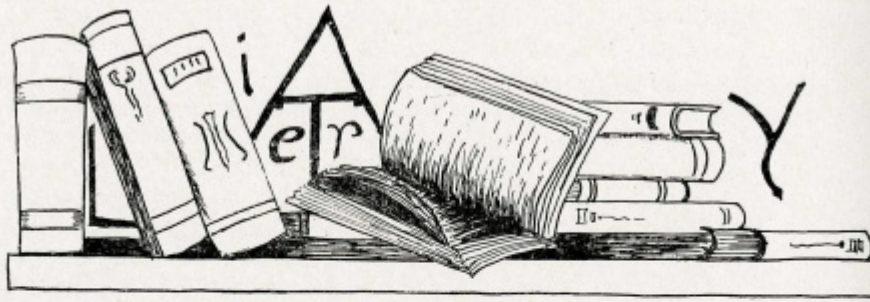
Reno Gilkey and Lola Warnock are teaching in their home towns, Montesano and Auburn respectively.

George Gwin, Gladys Salladay and Frances Lauderdale constitute a trio of teachers in the Irondale school. Another trio of the Class of 1910 is composed of Leroy Rogers, Ellen Luff and Margaret Power who are in the Springdale school near Toppenish.

Alma Kilmore is teaching in Roslyn and Florence Ludlow in Sumner.

Mr. Wayne Murray of Ellensburg and Miss Vivian Hulbert were married October 19th. Their present address is Ellensburg.





Lines

(Inspired by reading Emerson's "The Problem.")

With his marble mass before him,
Stands the youth with tools in hand.
What a rapture rushes o'er him!
Ah, no longer can he stand
Idle while the vision thrills him;
Not a moment does he ask
While the inspiration fills him—
He must hie him to his task.
See, the glow on gold Olympus
Promises the rising sun,
And the glowing heart of Phidias
Thrills with wonders to be done.
Eagerly, with stroke unerring,
See him chip the crystal stone.
Carefully, no labor sparing,
There he plans a work unknown.
"Father Zeus, O god above us,
King of all this glowing earth,
As thou sayest thou dost love us
When thou giv'st all Nature birth,
So shall I proclaim thy glory,
Bring to men a god divine,

Men who cannot read the story
 Of thy power in flower and vine.
 Ah, my friends must know my master;
 They must see the king of gods.
 Would that I could work the faster!
 How man toils and how he plods!
 Father Zeus, as I adore thee,
 Help me work out thy commands.
 May all men bow down before thee;
 Bless the labor of my hands.""
 Thus he prayed, his heart was thrilling;
 Thus he vowed, his vow he kept.
 His great Zeus has oft been filling
 With new life some souls that slept.
 Each new year repeats the story;
 In His works, some one sees God;
 Nature still proclaims His story—
 Forest grand or grassy sod.
 Time and space shall never alter
 Nature's sermon to mankind,
 Nor will mortals ever falter
 To proclaim the righteous mind.
 God the Lord will not be hidden;
 He creates all Nature bright.
 Silent worship is forbidden,
 He who sees must show the light.
 Thus each sacred revelation
 That is made to you and me
 Binds us with an obligation
 To reveal the God we see.

—Grace Goble



SCENES FROM CHAUNTECLEER

Chaunt:

Oh! Pertelote I've got my eye
In that big fat butterfly.
I will catch him for you dear
Now he's flown in the hedge here.
There I've

Sees fox

Oh! you sing, dear Chauntecleer
To prove you are your father's peer.
Chauntecleer crows with great distress

Pertelote:

Here my husband Chauntecleer,
Isn't he a perfect dear
As he sings his brown eyes close
And he stands straight on his toes
How I love him —

Pertelote running wildly about, then excited
Oh! Chauntecleer! Oh! Chauntecleer!

Why did you leave the beams my dear
The fox is taking you away.

I'll be a widow from this day,
Why did you listen to fatterers all?
See what disaster to me will now fall.

Daughter comes running into yard

Oh! Chauntecleer, you dear poor thing
Hit him hit him with your wing
Follow running When this dog gets on your track
You will bring old Chauntecleer back



Cow—Come my calf, led us go to,
 I can kick him, so can you
 Hogs Running with effort
 Kussel thinks he's fleet we see
 We can run as fast as he
 Men—The foul beast we'll get him yet
 And his costly fur we'll get
 Women—And if a white cleer shuld be dead
 We'll save his feathers for a feather bed.

Chaunt to fox:

Now you have me, I must stay
 But pray eat me right away
 Now that you have reached the wood
 It is with safety that you now could
 Fox—Foolish sir that's what I'll do

Chaunt then jumps loose and flies into tree

Fox looking up into a tree. —

Kind sir fly out away from me
 I no evil meant you'll see

If you come and let me tell
 That my intent was full well

Chaunt Now sir I could do no worse

Both myself and you I curse

I'll not wink my eyes for you

Just to show what I can do

For he who winks when he shuld see

Is no wise full of flesh he

Fox walks off—

Chaunt Flies down and starts home

Here en mes Pertelyte to meet me

How fondly she will greet me

I'll be my best, for I know this

Woman is man's joy and all hostless.



The Least of These

It was the beginning of the fall term, and the walls of the Reception Room were lined with chairs, placed stiffly and evenly, and filled with students in all stages of homesickness. Through the transom entered the joyous voices of the old students, talking and laughing, excitedly greeting each other and relating summer experiences. The happy chatter was like so many knife thrusts in raw wounds, left by the separations from home, to those in the Reception Room. They were all new students waiting in torment for their classification.

In one corner, among the unacquainted, sat a girl so fat that the chair, ample though it was, squeezed her. She was fat, she was logy and so completely miserable that she looked ridiculous. A homesick thin girl would have aroused pity, but a lonely, frightened, fat girl, squeezed like an immense bolster into a good sized chair, compelled laughter. But no one looked at her, each was too busy with his own wretched thoughts.

Next to Clementine, the fat girl, sat a girl who was everything Clementine was not. They were alike only in their feeling of homesickness. She was Number 56 in time of arrival. Clementine was 57. The office door opened and the secretary appeared and announced that the registrar was ready for 20 and 21. Number 56 turned to Clementine for sympathy. But Clementine had not heard the secretary's announcement; she was thinking of home and big tears were rolling slowly down her large face. Number 56 watched them roll one by one, splash, splash, splash, over Clementine's chins. The sight proved too much for Number 56. Never had she seen such ridiculous grief. As the tears came faster, she began to laugh, watching them cascading over Clementine's large, puffy cheeks and chins. The other new students looked up, saw Clementine, and joined in the laughter. The laugh made everyone but poor Clementine feel more comfortable, and soon all were talking easily—all but poor Clementine.

It was agony to be laughed at because one was fat. If anguish in that next hour could have made anyone thin, Clementine would have been a skeleton. But, alas! when her number was called and she arose and waddled to the office, followed by the amused titters of those left behind, Clementine was as fat as ever.

In the office she breathed a sigh of relief; for a time, she was free from that laughter. The President, who helped her register and classify herself, was a fatherly man, with white hair, and kindly near-sighted eyes, that yet noted Clementine's grotesque figure and woeful face. Her credentials were good and her course was soon mapped out. As she rose to go, the President took her hands in a warm friendly clasp and said:

"We are glad to have you with us, Miss French. I know you'll like the school." (Clementine thought of the episode in the reception room). "We're all one big family, brothers and sisters trying to help each other. Come and see us when you are settled."

Giving her pudgy hand a firmer clasp, he dismissed her, sparing her the embarrassment of thanking him. With a hot, swollen face, but with a grateful heart, Clementine went out to read the classes scheduled on the Bulletin Board. She might hate the students, but she loved the President.

There was a crowd of students around the Bulletin Board, and one or two stared at Clementine curiously. She heard the chant sung by the laughing boys,

"Light she was and like a feather,
And her shoes were Number nine.
Apple boxes without topses
Sandals were for Clementine."

Clementine tried hard not to hear them, or to see the stares fixed upon her. She looked steadily at the Bulletin Board, but the figures were blurred and she could make nothing of them. One thought only was in her mind—if she were only home.

"Don't you want me to help you?" asked a low soft voice near her.

"Oh, if you would," stammered Clementine. Her eyes cleared and she saw that it was Number 56, tall, graceful, well-groomed, who had offered assistance. For a moment Clementine drew back. "But I don't want to trouble you."

"It isn't any trouble. We'll get it done before you know it. I'm awfully sorry I laughed at you in there. I'm just as homesick as you are; but I didn't think. Let me see your program."

Under Number 56's guidance the figures on the board straightened themselves out wonderfully and soon Clementine's schedule was made out, and the two girls went in search of the class rooms. Either Clementine was too occupied talking to her new friend to notice the students staring or they did not stare, for she was not again embarrassed by finding herself the center of amusement. The students they passed, either bowed pleasantly or went on busy with their own affairs. They had not quite finished their investigations when the bell for chapel rang.

Clementine had decided not to go, but urged by Number 56 she changed her mind. She entered the chapel, shrinking as much as possible behind her companion. No one paid any attention to them except to give them a friendly greeting. So as they walked down the aisle lined on either side with smiling, friendly faces, and saw the President smiling from the rostrum, a great happiness welled in Clementine's breast, and the words of the President again sounded in her ears. "We are all one big family, all brothers and sisters trying to help one another. I know you'll like it here." And Clementine knew it too.

—Edith Lind.

The American Girl

(Extracts from an address on the above subject made by J. H. Morgan to the students on May 9).

The American girl comes near to having either by inheritance or by adoption most of the good qualities of all the leading nations of the civilized world. The earnestness of the Scandinavian, the faithfulness of the German, the self-complacency of the English, the excitability of the French, the sturdiness of the Scotch, and the wit of the Irish, all combined with the native ingenuity, shrewdness and pluck resulting from a sojourn of one hundred years on the North American continent, have indeed made of her a complex and rare being—one greatly diversified and at the same time abundantly unified.

She has many opposing or antagonistic qualities. She is both practical and theoretical. She is both serious and gay. She is both sensical and non-sensical. She is thoughtful and impulsive. She reasons and she reaches conclusions instinctively. She is forgiving and vindictive. She is constant and fickle. She remembers and she forgets. She is penetrating and obtuse. She is independent and dependent. She is considerate and inconsiderate. She is truthful and she prevaricates. She is optimistic and pessimistic. She is charitable and she is selfish.

Some of these opposing qualities need only to be harmonized.

In most cases the good qualities predominate. And in those cases in which they do not, doubtless the circumstances would command our sympathy and enlist our pity, and with Hood we would "think of her mournfully, gently and humanly."

The American girl has no advantage over her English cousin in the matter of heredity. Probably our side of the Atlantic would suffer as a result of comparison in this respect, as the English generally concern themselves a little more about pedigree, than we do, in the matter of selecting life mates. The difference comes chiefly from environment. Our girls are not hedged in as are the English girls. They grow in an atmosphere that accords them more privileges, because they are recognized as more important personages, as individuals who have some responsibilities and of whom something is expected. They enter in the same schools that the boys enter and generally acquit themselves creditably. They frequently make expenses while carrying a full course in school. When thru school they earn a livelihood by working in stores, shops, offices and in the school room, as nurses, in the medical or legal profession, on the platform or the stage.

The American girl feels that she is not limited to being a parlor ornament with no object or duty in life beyond an attempt to captivate the particular individual whom her father or mother would like for a son-in-law. In this respect she has an advantage over her English cousin. She meets and associates with young men without the thought of marriage being uppermost in her mind. This tends to keep her growth relatively commensurate with that of her brother.

When a girl baby makes her appearance in a family in a country in Europe, there is more likely to be a feeling of disappointment than in our country. Boys are generally preferred. With us this is not exactly true; or at least not to the same extent. The American family is indeed proud of the boy and spends many hours contemplating the many remarkable things that are to be done by that boy later in life. So is the American family proud of the girl and finds a like enjoyment in enumerating her estimable qualities, and discoursing upon what may reasonably be expected of her in after life.

As a result she comes upon the stage of action in a measure untrammelled and more nearly on an equality with her brothers. This gives her self-confidence and assurance, and causes her to act as an independent being.

We do not look upon her activities as being bounded by the church, the kitchen, the children, or clothes, as they do in Germany.

And she abundantly justifies our broader vision. She can do almost anything that can be done by her brother. If she meets adversity she does not waste her time moaning over her ill luck, but turns her face resolutely to the future and makes the best of the circumstances.

She sometimes takes a homestead, builds her own house and lives in it until she is able to make satisfactory proof and thus makes herself a permanent home, and becomes an independent citizen, asking odds of no one.

She is almost our entire force when it comes to teaching small children. She is indeed an important factor in the improvement of our American citizenship.

She makes an excellent nurse. She knows how to make her patient forget his affliction and actually enjoy himself.

Would we in any way change her? We would. With all her good qualities she is not by any means perfect. There is room for improvement in a good many particulars. We are proud of her, we praise her, we admire her, we encourage her, we appreciate her, we honor her and we love her. Because of these things we would improve her. We would combine her with the thought that her first duty is to herself, and that that girl approaches nearest to perfect womanhood, who lives in accord with the laws of her being. This means plenty of sleep, plenty of wholesome food and plenty of exercise. We would have her do a little less of day dreaming about things around her, about conditions, habits and other things that effect her health and happiness. We would have her give a little more attention to current events of the nation and thus enlarge her unit of interest. We would have her realize that genuine happiness and usefulness are inseparable and that therefore as we become more useful to our fellow mortals we become happier. As she grows older we would have the beauty, the freshness, the vivacity attendant upon the properly bred young lady, ripen into beauty of more mature years, which comes from a broader and more extended experience, from the practice of virtue, truth, justice, generosity and consideration of the rights and interests of others, and thus continue in a life of usefulness and happiness until the end of this career approaches, and then lie down to pleasant dreams and awake in the great beyond and begin a new existence prepared for by the growth, development and experience of this life.



The Eclectic and the Crescent Literary Society programs which were given alternately each month, formed the basis for the dramatic section.

In November the Eclectics opened the year with a very interesting Brander Mathew program, ending with a short sketch, "The Silent System," which has been put on the Lyceum stage by many prominent companies. The characters gave a very keen interpretation of the scene and created much favorable comment.

A Christmas program was given by the Crescents in December. This program ended with a short sketch, "Old Oakes," a story of the South before the War.

In January a mixed program was given by the Eclectics with a short sketch from Eleanor Hoyt's "Misdemeanors of Nahcy." This was extremely humorous and created much applause. In February, the Crescents gave an Anthony Hope program, ending with two short scenes from the author's "Dolly Dialogue," which was well presented.

In March, the Eclectics gave a mixed program with a very interesting sketch entitled, "A String of Pearls." The character work in the play was exceptionally good.

April brought an interesting William Dean Howell's program, ending with a short sketch from the author's "Five O'clock Tea." This program was given by the Crescents.

In May, the Eclectics presented William Butler Yates' "Land of Heart's Desire." This ended the public programs for 1910-11, given by the literary societies.

After much discussion and debate, the Junior's decided to present "The Rivals," by Richard Brindsley Sheridan, for their class play. The cast was chosen from the Junior Class as follows:

Sir Anthony Absolute.....	Marion Stanyar
Captain Absolute.....	Iris Wirth
Faulkland	Cora Forbes
Bob Acres.....	Louis Crozier
Sir Lucius O'Trigger.....	Otto Selle
Fag	Mary Reid
David	Annette Rehmke
Boy	Anna Hinkley
Thomas (coachman).....	Lela Bloom
Servant	Hattie Stewart
Mrs. Malaprop.....	Isabel Pratt
Lydia Languish.....	Lucile Warner
Julia	Mary Heraty
Lucy	Myrtle Gleason
Maid	Velma Currier

Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors" was presented during Commencement week by the Seniors. The cast was well chosen and they gave a very pleasing interpretation of the play.





SOCIETY.

Y. W. C. A. Reception

The means, by which the students of this school became acquainted so soon, was an informal reception given by the Y. W. C. A. at the opening of school. The president and social chairman met the guests at the head of the stairs and saw to it that everyone was introduced. A short musical program was given after which the crowd descended to the Gymnasium where delicious watermelon was served. Nothing could have tasted better or created more fun. A prize was offered to the one eating the most melon. It was found after a close race that Mr. Trempe had the most seeds, and, as a result, was given a huge watermelon as first prize. The guests were perfectly willing that Mr. Trempe should carry off this trophy. As they thanked the Y. W. C. A. girls for their good time, they declared they could never eat another watermelon. But I don't believe it, do you?

Faculty Reception

On the Monday after school opened, a very pleasant reception was given the new members of the faculty by Prof. Wilson, in order that the new and old members of the faculty might become acquainted. After the formality of being received in the library was over, a lively march was struck up and the faculty formed in line. Headed by two Juniors, they marched to the Assembly Hall, where Mrs. Mahan gave a recital with her Victrola. Dr. Munson was expected to talk, but had not returned from his trip abroad. After the recital, the faculty went into the reception room where huge mounds of Kittitas apples—apples you could eat in the dark—were heaped up on the tables. These, however, were soon disposed of, and everyone declared he was glad to be in the country of the Wormless Apple.

Dinner to the Public School

A dinner was given to the Public School teachers and School Board, February the twenty-first, by the members of the Normal faculty. The dinner was prepared by the domestic science department, and was in honor of Dr. A. E. Winship, the noted educator, but Dr. Winship failed to come through Ellensburg.

The guests were received in the library by Prof. Wilson, Dr. Munson and Dr. Harris. A three course dinner was served in the Domestic Science dining room. The table was decorated with red carnations and red candles. Mrs. Warner and Mrs. Nesbit poured the coffee.

After dinner, the guests retired to the library, where music and stories were in order for a long evening.

Dormitory Reception

One of the most pleasant social affairs in the history of the Normal School was a reception given at the Dormitory, October the twenty-first.

The halls, parlor and dining room were beautifully decorated with pennants, autumn foliage and crepe paper streamers. The reception began at eight o'clock, and from then until eleven the halls were filled with throngs of the friends of the students. Mrs. Arthur and the Misses Agnes Montgomery and Eva Dove were in the receiving line. Several of the Dormitory girls welcomed all guests at the head of the stairs and escorted them to the cloak rooms.

Ice cream and cake were served in the dining room and punch in the hall. An orchestra behind a screen of palms furnished music throughout the evening. An informal dance was held during the latter part of the evening.

The Colonial Party

One morning in assembly a dainty maid of "Ye old colonial days" announced to ye faculty, ye students and ye friends of ye Washington State Normal, that on Saturday Evening, ye twenty-fifth day of ye month of February, there would be a Colonial Party held in the Gymnasium in honor of the birthday of George Washington, the Father of his country.

At eight o'clock of the twenty-fifth day of February, there gathered in the Library of the Normal building the most illustrious assembly of maids and men which has ever graced such a gathering. After being ushered into the reception room and relieved of their wraps by a colored maid, the guests were received in the library by George Washington (William Henry), Martha Washington (Helen Neiswanger), and several members of the Normal Faculty.

About nine o'clock, after a delightful hour spent in conversation, the guests were ushered into the gymnasium. A veritable fairy-land greeted their eyes. A net suspended from the ceiling was loaded with evergreens and red carnations, while here and there were tiny electric lights, making a fitting background for the myriads of tiny flags which waved their red, white and blue gaily above the heads of the guests.

The entertainment of the evening was the minuet. Ten couples participated in this, and the ladies and gentlemen, in their elegant colonial costumes and powdered hair, made a very beautiful picture as they went through the intricate movements of the dignified and stately dance.

After the minuet the orchestra played the first strains of a waltz and soon the floor was covered with dancers.

From ten until twelve a delightful colonial luncheon was served in the dining room by the girls of the Fourth Year Class who, as colonial hostesses, made the guests feel that the colonial dames of "ye olden time" could not have entertained in a more delightful fashion.

At twelve o'clock the guests departed, thanking the Fourth Year Students for their hospitality and pronouncing the party the most enjoyable affair of the season.



Hallowe'en Party

Stop! Look! Listen! What is it? From whence, where, what, and whom come all these dreadful sounds? Why, it is a Junior Class meeting, and, as usual, everyone is trying to talk at once! What is it we hear? A "party?" Yes; and "pumpkins," "ghosts," "goblins," and "witches." Now we have it—Halloween!

Halloween is here! At last everything is ready! A howling mob bursts into the front entrance—and, no—we do not rush up the stairs—but what is it that confronts us? A step ladder? It is all so dark! Everyone is grasped at the top, and, my conscience! Is someone trying to brush us off? Anyway, the next thing we know we are sliding down "an awful" chute; we are going through dark and gruesome places, stumbling on a skeleton, sweetly reposing in a casket—bumping our heads, losing our way, hanging on to someone—some thing, imploring help and assistance. At last, a light appears in the dim distance—we follow it; and as we enter—Can it be the same old gymnasium? Surely not! The white walls are covered with black cats and witches, the lights are turned soft and low, grinning pumpkins peer from every side, and apparitions flit here and there through the crowd: Witches with high hats, ghosts galore, and fairies of all sorts and descriptions. Now we are led into the fortune-telling booths, where interesting things about our past, present and future are related by lovely gypsies. In a few minutes we hear an orchestra; and what can we possibly do but float away to the strains of that waltz? Of course, you could dance all night—but stay! Would you rather dance than eat? I should say not! Not when you can wander into the Domestic Science dining room and be served cider and pumpkin pies like those your mother used to make. Must we go home? Yes; it is getting late. We will go—but never can we forget this night!



Mid-Year Senior Reception

On February first, a reception was given by Prof. and Mrs. Wilson in honor of the mid-year graduating class. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson and the four members of the graduating class received. At the close of the evening, delicious refreshments were served.

Junior Class Party

Miss Iris Wirth and Miss Lillian Smith entertained the Junior Class at the home of the former, February 1911. It was what might be called an informal affair, as it was one good time from beginning to end. The evening was spent in playing games. One room was lined with pictures from familiar advertisements, the names of which the Juniors were to guess. Miss Isabel Pratt received the prize for the greatest number of correct guesses. Late in the evening delicious refreshments were served—such as only Junior girls can prepare. Then the crowd gathered round the piano and sang old songs, ending with "Home Sweet Home." Then came the catastrophe of the evening: there were only two boys and Mr. Klemme to see forty girls home! The crowd was finally divided—not into three groups, but two; as one of the illustrious members of the class insisted not only on "Seeing Nellie Home," but on seeing her home alone. For all of this, it was a superfine party and we all hope for more like it.

Spread for the Cast

The cast of the Junior Class play of "The Rivals" with the class teachers and Miss Hutchinson were entertained, in the Domestic Science Rooms, at a midnight spread by the Junior Class Friday, April 28, after the play.

The tables were attractively decorated with huge bowls of carnations, from which ribbons of the class colors, pale green and lavender, radiated to the place cards, which were in the form of Rival pennants. Plates were laid for thirty-two and a sumptuous dinner was served by a committee from the Junior Class. During the course of supper, toasts were given and responded to by Mr. Klemme, the class teacher, Miss Hutchinson, the director of the play, and Miss Smith, the class president. At the close of her speech, Miss Smith, in behalf of the Junior Class, presented Miss Hutchinson with a bouquet of pink and white carnations.

The evening throughout was a most entertaining one, owing to the fact that the cast still remained in full costume and represented characters as they did in the play.

Music



Upper row from left to right: Lucy Kruger, Lee McManus, Agnes Hackett, Chester Robinson, Miss Hinman, DeFore Cramblitt. Lower row: Edith Lind, Beryl Mathews, Miss Malmsten, Grace Goble, Grace Pautzke.

Normal Orchestra

The Normal Orchestra was organized immediately after Thanksgiving, under the direction of Miss Malmsten, and has worked faithfully since that time. This is the second successful attempt of such an organization in the history of the school.

Its first appearance was made in the regular Tuesday morning period in connection with *Il Trovatore*, Miss Malmsten's address. Since that time they have been overworked in order to fill engagements, and hope to do unusually good work by the close of the year. Much praise is due the Normal Orchestra for the finished manner in which they accompanied "The Japanese Girl."



Top row: Guy Filmore, Chester Robinson, Lee McManus, Ray Stenger, Charles Newton, Beryl Gwin, Will Henry, Arthur Beardsley, Otto Selle, Glen Crabtree. Second row: Sam Rugg, Ben Rader, Miss Malmsten, Miss Hinman, Louis Crozier, Will Tierney, Ned Hofacker. Third row: Rent Kohlman, Charles Champie, James McKinstry, Carmen Woods, Kenneth Larimer.

The Normal Glee Club

Every Monday and Wednesday if you happen within a block of the Normal between 7 and 8, you just have to stop and listen. What is it that sends forth these harmonious chords? The Normal Boys' Glee Club, under the auspices of Miss Malmsten. The Club has contributed many well finished pieces at various entertainments and has won general approval.





Top line, from left to right: Gertrude Corbett, Evelyn Corbett, Anne Clerf, Hazel Bailey, Vera Sanderson, Clarice Palmer, Agnes Montgomery, Lucy Kruger, Katherine McKay, Gertrude Nelson, Eva Munson, Edith Bramhall. Second line: Helen Ames, Frances Gilchrist, Annette Rehmke, Florence Knoell, Margaret Kaynor, Frances Wit, Ella Slingsby, Mary Ganders, Laura Lambson, Rose Shotwell, Erma Dull, Alice Holgerson. Third line: Bessie Marchbank, Iris Wirth, Miss Hinman, Miss Malmsten, Harriet Taylor, Florence Randall, Inez Champlin, Margaret Crim. Lower row: Blanche Howe, Mary Ritchie, Anne Hinkley, Gladys McFarland.

The Normal Treble Clef

The oldest and most advanced musical organization connected with the school is the Treble Clef.

Tuesday and Thursday from four to five the girls meet, and under the direction of Miss Malmsten study standard selections. The club has added much to the school in the way of musical contributions. They have appeared in the following pieces:

Oh Lovely Night	Offenbach
Summer Fancies	Metra
Down in the Dewy Dell.....	Smart
Rock-a-by	Neidlinger
Cobwebs	Smith (Arranged by Lines)
Lass With the Delicate Air	Arne
Japanese Girl	Vincent

At present the organization averages about forty members, all of whom have had some musical training.



The Japanese Girl

One of the special attractions of this year was "The Japanese Girl," an operetta in two acts, given by the Treble Clef, under the direction of Miss Malmsten, with Miss Hinman, pianist, and a full orchestra accompaniment.

The first act opens in a Japanese garden. A number of Japanese girls are visiting O Hanu San (Erma Dull), a young Japanese beauty who is about to celebrate her eighteenth birthday. O Kitu San (Frances Wit) and O Kayo San (Helen Ames), O Hanu San's cousins and constant companions in pleasure, are also her consolation in times of trouble. Old Chaya (Katherine McKay) the faithful servant who appears to be over-burdened by work, causes much amusement by her quaint ministrations.

In the second act, two American girls, Dora Twin (Blanche Howe) and Nora Twin (Margaret Crim), who are touring Japan with their governess, are impelled by curiosity to enter O Hanu San's garden. Here the Japanese girls find them and resent this intrusion of the foreigners, even pretending not to understand the governess' explanation. O Hanu San comes to the rescue and, in the end, invites the American ladies to remain as her guests and witness the interesting ceremonies which are about to commence.

The production as a whole was dainty, bright, and charming, given with just the right light and whimsical touch. The music was worth the effort, soloists and choruses showing a fine appreciation of its artistic merit. The spirit and atmosphere was a fitting expression of careful, thoughtful study and training.





The Y. W. C. A. Cabinet

Aura Hunsecker, Mary Reid, Hazel Bailey, Katherine McKay, Cecilia Gibson, Geraldine Messick, Leclil Evans, Christabel Corbett.

Our Representatives at the Breakers

Leclil Evans and Katherine McKay were the delegates who represented our school at the great Y. W. C. A. Conference at the Breakers, the summer of 1910. They came back full of enthusiasm and renewed vigor, ready to take up the Association work and if possible make it mean more to the school than ever before. They had many things to tell us of the Breakers and a few of the mottoes which they brought back have come to mean something to many of the girls. Here are a few of the many worth remembering:

"I slept and dreamed that life was beauty,

I woke and found that life was duty."

"Sarcasm is the meanest thing God never made."

And Dr. Young's cry,

"Sunshine makes sugar."

So let us let in the sunshine of God's love. May we have a larger delegation at the Breakers next year.

Reception to the Faculty

It was on Monday evening in the early fall that the teachers made their way up to the Y. W. C. A. room, after Faculty Meeting, where the members of the Cabinet were waiting to receive them. The room was prettily decorated, and each member of the Faculty was presented with a list of questions, the answers to which were names of the Faculty. Dr. Harris, Miss Meisner, and Miss Hunt won the prizes in the questioning contest, the latter winning the booby prize. Some time was spent in pleasant, social converse after which the girls served wafers and salad with cake and coffee.

Miss Kawai's Visit

On one Saturday morning in the latter part of February came one of the treats of the year. Miss Gage, our National Secretary, brought Miss Kawai, a high-caste Japanese lady, a graduate of Bryn Mawr, to speak to us. They were accompanied by two representatives of the Association at North Yakima. A large number gathered to meet Miss Kawai and hear her speak. The room was decorated prettily with flowers and potted plants. Everybody enjoyed the social intercourse with our visitors as well as the beautiful talks with which we were favored. Miss Howe and Miss Nelson sang solos and Miss Kawai sang to us in her native tongue. The girls served cream chicken, sandwiches, pickles and coffee. All who were present felt that it was a great privilege to meet and talk with such women as Miss Gage and Miss Kawai.

Miss Hopkins' Visit

Our traveling secretary, Miss Hopkins, spent three days with us in March. Miss Hopkins leaves in September for Calcutta, India, where she will reside in the future, and this last visit will be pleasantly remembered by us all. Tuesday morning, Miss Hopkins addressed the students, telling them about India; Wednesday afternoon, she led the Y. W. meeting and installed the new officers for 1911 and '12; on Thursday, she met the Faculty and the Association girls for an evening of social intercourse. The program was delightful, the luncheon was delicious, and conversation prospered. We all felt keenly the approaching departure of Miss Hopkins for a far-away land. We students came close to the point of envy; still we bade her God speed with the assurance that we would remember her and her work.



Assembly

The assembly periods are always regarded by both faculty and students as very pleasant and beneficial. Tuesday assembly talks are given by the faculty and by various people of note.

On Oct. 26, 1910, Dr. J. P. Munson gave a very entertaining account of his trip abroad. We all wished he had told us more of the meeting of the International Scientific Association, where he was a lecturer.

Some talks given later were: "The Hall of Fame," by Miss Hazelton; a description of Provincetown, Cape Cod, by Miss Hunt; an amusing account of the Institute at Walla Walla by Miss Hoffman; the state of Maine, by Prof. Collins; Ranching for Girls, by Dr. Harris; The Political Situation, by Prof. Morgan; The Cotton Gin, by Prof. Frazee; Short Talks on Teachers' Institutes, by Prof. Klemme; readings by Miss Hutchinson; Money, by Prof. Wilson.

There were also many other talks by outside speakers.

The Thursday assembly periods are managed by the students. On these days, programs prepared by them and parliamentary drill under the direction of Prof. Morgan are the usual features. The Student Body Association elects its own officers monthly from among its number.

Many debates have taken place, some of the most interesting discussions being: "Resolved, That it is detrimental to the health of girls to play basket ball," and "Resolved, That the girls should have a track team."

Students' Day

Students' Day has been one of the student privileges at Ellensburg Normal for the last eight or ten years, and is always thoroughly enjoyed by both students and faculty.

Promptly at eleven o'clock, the fun began. The make-believe teachers, dressed in the clothes of the ones they impersonated, filed in and took their places on the platform.

Blanche Howe (Miss Malmsten) led the school in singing "The Watch on the Rhine." After it had been completed, Charles Newton (Prof. Wilson) asked: "May we not sing it now in the German?" which was accordingly done.

Louis Crozier (Dr. Munson) in his description of his trip abroad, advised every one who ever travels to visit the firm of "Thomas Cook & Son." Geraldine Messick (Dr. Harris) sat demurely in her chair with eyes lowered and hands folded until called upon, and then gave a very interesting little talk on Woman's Suffrage, and the various occupations for women. Hardly had she finished when Chester Robinson (Prof. Frazee) advanced to the front of the platform, and in a stately manner informed the students of several highly instructive lectures which would take place during the next "semester."

Everyone was delighted by the way in which Aura Hunsecker (Miss Picken)

and Lilabel Scott (Miss Hazelton) gave characteristic little talks on "Children at Play," and the "Hall of Fame." Inez Champlin (Miss Nash) and Myrtle Huber (Miss Cole) gave announcements concerning their classes in Domestic Science.

A pleasing variation occurred when Christabel Corbett (Miss Ringer) brought up several of Miss Ringer's pupils, who have a little orchestra, to play, for she said, "I'm not very good at expressing myself, so my children will do it for me."

We were all decidedly reminded of Prof. Collins when Sam Rugg announced: "We have a new plan for the rural schools. The pupils may stay in bed until eight o'clock and the school carriage will call for them at eight-fifteen." The cough with which Eva Dove (Miss Hoffman) was afflicted was so distressing, that, during Myrtle Gleason's (Miss Hunt's) fine illustrated lecture on her trip to Provincetown, she was obliged to leave the platform. Otto Selle (Prof. Klemme), smiling blandly all the while, gave a few remarks, which the real Mr. Klemme seemed to regard as decidedly humorous.

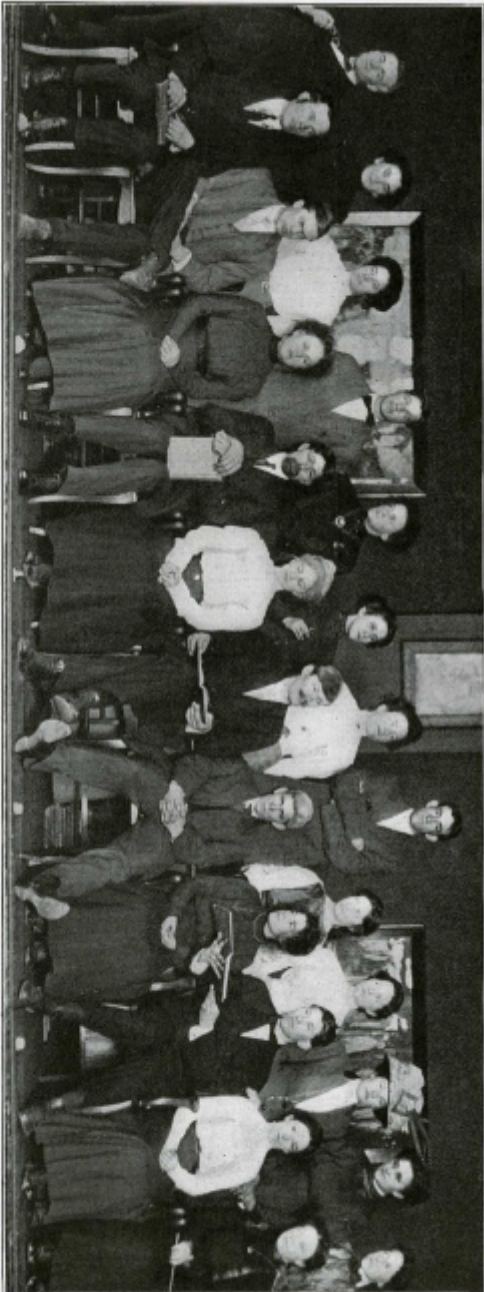
Brief announcements were given by Esther Nilsen (Miss Hutchinson) and Clarice Palmer (Miss Maxwell). The latter said: "I have some extra work to do in the office, and would like to have some boy or girl volunteer to help me." Lucile Warner (Mrs. Warner): "There are a number of books which are over due at the Library, and they must be returned at once."

Rubenstein's Etude, played at a former program by Miss Hinman, was cleverly taken off by a popular selection played by Gladys McFarland.

Some Accidents

A boy in Normal stopped to watch
A patent cigar clipper.
He wondered if his finger was
Not quicker than the nipper.
It wasn't.

A fourth year student peeped to see
Her latest exam papers.
She wished to know if her grade was
Not higher than her neighbor's.
It wasn't.



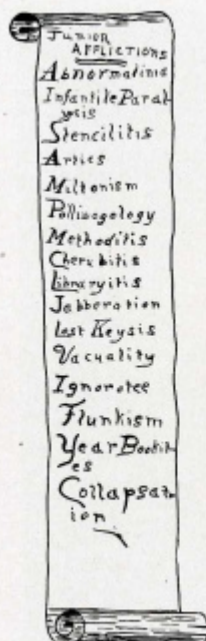
Student Faculty

FIRST ROW.

James McKinstry.....	Mr. Nesbit
Inez Champin.....	Miss Cole
Myrtle Huber.....	Miss Nash
Will Henry.....	Mr. Potter
Agnes Montgomery.....	Miss Housley
Lillian Smith.....	Miss McMurchy
Eva Dove.....	Miss Hoffman
Lee McManus.....	Mr. Whitney
Christabel Corbett.....	Miss Rhiner
Aura Hunsecker.....	Miss Pickens
Lucile Warner.....	Mrs. Warner
Clarice Palmer.....	Miss Maxwell
Gladys McFarland.....	Miss Hinman

SECOND ROW.

Bianche Howe.....	Miss Malmsten
Lillibell Scott.....	Miss Hazelton
Chester Robinson.....	Prof. Frazee
Myrtle Gleason.....	Miss Hunt
Ben Rader.....	Prof. Morgan
Chas. Newton.....	Prof. Wilson
Geraldine Messick.....	Dr. Harris
Louis Crozier.....	Dr. Munson
Esther Nilsen.....	Miss Hutchinson
Otto Selle.....	Mr. Klemme
Sam Ruef.....	Mr. Collins



The Senior's Coming Out

On a pretty day last autumn,
When Assembly Hall was still,
A quiver passed over the Seniors,
An excitable, quivering thrill.

The students knew something was coming,
And raised a feeble shout,
While the Faculty left the platform,
Frightened to death, no doubt.

The Seniors rose from their places
And dashed for the vestibule door,
Where, donning some bright paper collars,
Pell mell to the stage they tore.

A little, but valiant, army,
With collars and dignity grand,
Over stage and through aisles they meandered
To the strains of "Our Yankee Land."

When once more they gained the platform,
Came the part they had longed to reach,
For a speaker came forth, who'll be famous,
And made a neat little speech.

How he flattered and praised the Seniors!
No one else would, 'twas slyly said,
Then, he sent out some base accusations,
In short, saying: "Juniors are dead."

When he'd finished his little outburst,
Young Hercules then stepped forth,
Holding out in his hand a paper,
Telling how much the Juniors were worth

It's life but begun, when it ended,
Rather suddenly, sadly, no doubt;
For a Junior, (a live one) secured it,
All the rest of them helping to shout.

The seniors were not a bit daunted,
But continued the stunt they'd begun.
They sang their song, and yelled their yell—
And round the room it rung.

They carried some little baskets
With paper dolls hanging out,
Which they threw at the scornful Juniors,
They thought they were 'cute, no doubt.

Then, they filed again to their places,
Faces shining with satisfied grin,
For they thought their stunt was a new one,
Not as old as original sin.

For original things they're not fitted—
O joy! O mirth! and O sadness!
For there's nothing original in them
But truly original madness!

—By a Junior.

The Junior Coming-Out

On Sept. 23 a certain unrest prevailed in the Junior section of the assembly. Whispering, nudges, and general confusion gave away to the dignified Seniors across the aisle the momentous secret of the Juniors. They were actually to have their coming out. It was rather late in the day to be sure, but as the Juniors themselves had to admit, better late than never.

After devotionals a wild scramble ensued and the Juniors rushed madly into the anteroom. After several breathless moments, on the part of the Juniors, out they marched to the sad strains of John Brown's body. However they weren't wailing about John Brown's body for they sang, "The Seniors' bodies lie a mouldering in the grave." And verily the Seniors almost wished they were when those sad strains reached them, sung by such a great chorus and in such harmony. Several signs representing characteristics of different Seniors were carried by various members of the class. All hail! The Juniors recognized the great oratorical abilities of our honored president and dubbed him a "Modern Demosthenes."

After considerable hubbub on the rostrum a comparative quiet ensued and a procession slowly came forward. Leading it were two gallant youths with bands of crepe on their sleeves and wearing the finest kind of garden gloves. They must have cost at least five cents a pair. Behind them came four more gallants with the afore-said crepe and gloves, bearing the most interesting scientific specimen which the school possesses.

How many purposes has that valuable well guarded skeleton served, and now it reposed on a bier gayly decked with lavender and purple. This represented the Seniors as being dead ones, but even some of the Juniors blushed at intimating such a thing when they were only about two weeks behind the Seniors in making themselves known.

Following the bier as chief mourner came a black robed damsel bearing in her hand an onion, evidently for the purpose of bringing tears to the eyes of the fair bereaved. That one fact gave the only reality or truth to the whole affair for onions if applied properly will bring tears on any occasion.

After the procession had passed the Juniors sprang forward and gave their class yell. It is a very nice yell but I cannot give it to you now as none of the Juniors seem to know it.

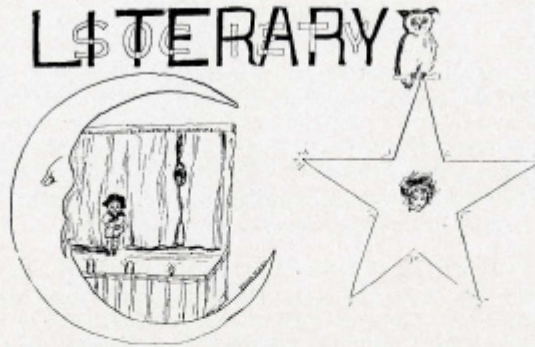
This stunt ended the Juniors' coming out, and as they passed from the rostrum to the same old tune, they threw little wads of paper at the Seniors and called it wisdom. We sincerely hope this did not show the Juniors' real conception of that most desirable attainment.

Juniors, it was great. We Seniors enjoyed every minute of it and, though at time we were greatly amused, we were also greatly entertained.

(Signed)

A SENIOR.





Eclectic Literary Society

OFFICERS—FIRST SEMESTER

Presidents.
Lee McManus
Margaret Wilder

Vice-Presidents.
Esther Nilsen
Jane Harris

Secretaries.
Christabel Corbett
Chester Robinson

SECOND SEMESTER

Will Henry
Will Henry

Christabel Corbett

Frances Gilchrist
Hattie Stewart

SECTION LEADERS

Arthur Beardsley, Louis Trempe, Lela Howard.

"The name of this society shall be the Eclectic Literary Society of the Washington State Normal School at Ellensburg, and its object shall be to cultivate the literary ability of its members, and to promote the general culture of the school."

The history of the Eclectic Literary Society has been little different during the year 1910-1911 from its history in former years. A great number of new students joined the society at the beginning of the year. A few of them, after they discovered we were there to work, have dropped out, but those who remained have taken the parts assigned them cheerfully and willingly.

Our program for the first half-year was made at the beginning of the semester and posted on the bulletin board so every one would have ample time to make the necessary preparation. The work taken up by the society consisted of book reviews, recent fiction, current events, and a detailed study of some of the best known colleges in our country. At our first public program one of the most delightful features was a talk on Wellesly given by Miss Hazelton. Our publics have been the immediate outgrowths of the work done from week to week and have shown some strong work. We have endeavored to choose out the best for the Eclectic programs, and so to justify our name—Eclectic, chosen.

Crescent Literary Society

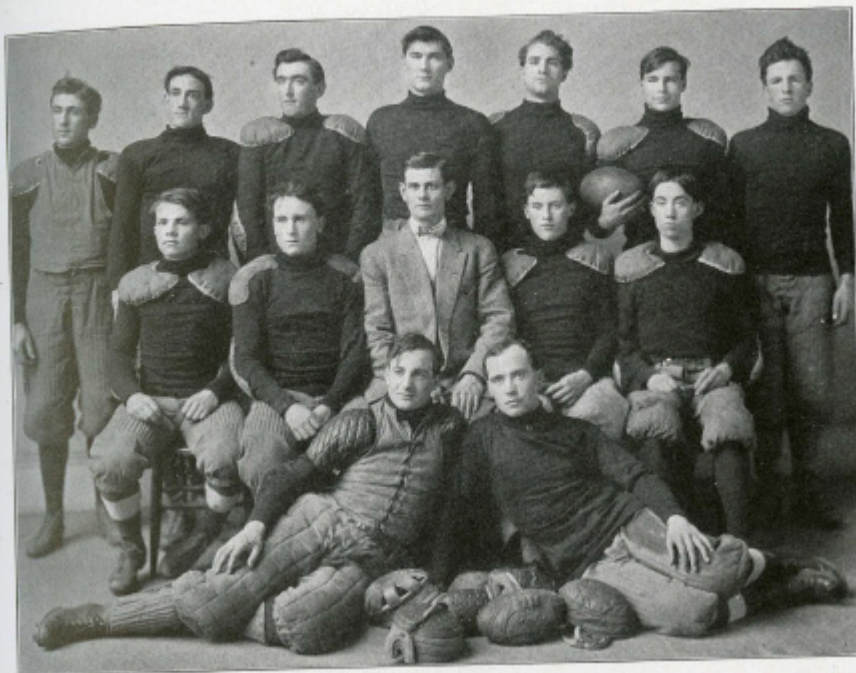
The life of this society is almost co-existent with that of the school, the society having been established during the first year of the school in 1891. It has had a checkered existence. Sometimes it has been much more prominent than at others. Sometimes its arteries have been coursed by rich invigorating blood, flowing rapidly and producing life and activity on the part of nearly all its members. At other times the circulation has been sluggish with a corresponding waning in activity on the part of the membership.

One year each of the two literary societies was placed directly under the control of a member of the faculty. During that period every member was held to the same accountability in connection with the legitimate work of the society as in connection with that of the recitation. Since that time the prevailing opinion of the Faculty has been that the societies should have a greater degree of freedom, that literary effort in this connection should not be compulsory.

At times there has been such an interest in the work of the Crescents, that members have, after leaving the Normal, organized literary societies in their own schools and named them in honor of the Crescent Literary Society. The diminishing interest in the literaries and the corresponding diminutive amount of work done therein, is probably in part due to the increase of requirements in the course of study and the multiplicity of duties connected with class meetings, class entertainments, athletics, Y. W. C. A. teachers' meetings, class debates, interscholastic debates, Treble Clef and orchestra practice, and the fact that one hour each week is set aside for Student Assembly during which time a literary program is rendered and some time given to parliamentary practice. It seems that an increase in class spirit engenders a decrease in literary society spirit. There may be a question as to which is more valuable. The one seems to be more democratic. Probably the weekly assembly hour has more to do with the declining interest in the literary societies than any other one thing. With those who still keep up the literary societies the chief interest seems to center in something of the dramatic order. This is in part due to the fact that this sort of thing seems more entertaining to the audience.

Whether we are evolving upward or downward or simply revolving on a plane may be worth consideration. Do we need to reform or readjust our work? May literary talent be developed best by allowing the societies to discontinue?





Football Team

Top row: Crabtree, McManus, Stenger, Newton, Gwin, Henry, Champie. Second row: Hofacker, Woods, Potter, Fillmore, McDonald. Lower row: McKinstry, Rugg.

Football

The football season of 1910 opened with the best array of material seen in the Normal School for some time.

Of last year's team, which made such a good record, there were Woods, Henry, Rugg, McManus, Gwin, Tierney and Hofacker, while McKinstry entered a little later. Of the new team there were a number of good men, including Crabtree who had played on a Kansas high school team, Stenger, Champie and McDonald, who were in school last year but did not play, and Fillmore, who had several years experience with the Blaine High School team.

With this lineup the season gave promise of being the best in the history of the school. The team spent several weeks learning the game according to the revised rules, and had begun to perfect their new style of play, when a game was arranged with the Grandview High School for October thirty-first. But here they received their first knockout blow, when Grandview failed to show up on the field at the scheduled time. A game was arranged for practice with a pickup team from the High School first and second teams, with the assistance of their coach and Frank Wilson of the University. This served its purpose, and the team got some practice out of it, especially in trying out some of their new plays.

The Normal management tried several times to arrange a game with the local high school, and was at last successful in arranging the date for Thanksgiving Day.

The game was played on the Normal campus and proved very interesting throughout. A large and enthusiastic crowd witnessed it, and when the whistle blew for the close of the game, the score announced was 0 to 0.

This ended our football season. The football men immediately turned out for basket ball, and this makes an entirely different story.

Basket Ball 1911



OFFICERS AND LINE-UP.

Ben Rader.....	Captain
J. B. Potter.....	Coach
Chester E. Robinson.....	Manager

FIRST TEAM.

Will Henry.....	'13
James McKinstry.....	'11
Lee McManus.....	'11
Ben Rader.....	'14
Chester Robinson.....	'12
Byrl Gwin.....	'13

SECOND TEAM.

Archie McDonald.....	'15
Charles Champie.....	'15
George Champie.....	'16
Charles Newton.....	'11
Guy Fillmore.....	'12
Carmen Woods.....	'15
Ray Stenger.....	'15

SEASON'S SCHEDULE

W. S. N. S.....	21	Reslyn High School.....	31
W. S. N. S.....	26	Reslyn Y. M. C. A.....	17
W. S. N. S.....	39	Roslyn High School.....	13
W. S. N. S.....	27	Dayton High School.....	17
W. S. N. S.....	26	Walla Walla High School..	39
W. S. N. S.....	34	Lewiston Normal.....	17
W. S. N. S.....	65	Asotin High School.....	12
W. S. N. S.....	33	Ritzville High School.....	15
W. S. N. S.....	72	Lind High School.....	18
W. S. N. S.....	23	Walla Walla High School.....	18
W. S. N. S.....	21	Yakima Y. M. C. A.....	13

The Basket Ball Season of 1911

Basket Ball has always held first place in the Normal School athletics, and rather than defame the record of the past the 1911 team not only upheld it, but left a record itself, which is to be envied by the future generations.

The season started with a defeat by Roslyn High School, which was due to the fact that the team had practiced but three times together. This was thoroughly demonstrated two weeks later when the same team went down to defeat to the score of 39 to 13.

The team was composed of light men, the heaviest weighing but 156 pounds. It was their speed and not their weight that was the cause of so many announcements by the referee, "Ellensburg Normal wins by the following score."

The team closed the season with the reputation of having played eleven games and not once was an official's decision questioned by any member of the team. The month after Xmas vacation was spent in arranging and conditioning for the trip through the eastern part of the state, including a game with the Lewiston Normal School of Idaho.

Monday morning, January 16, 1911, 12:45 A. M., the W. S. N. S. Basket Ball Team boarded the N. P. passenger train No. 6 for their big trip. The team was feeling fine, and was composed of the following: Ben Rader, James McKinstry, Byrl Gwin, Will Henry, and Chester Robinson. Coach Potter accompanied the team.

The game at Dayton was rough from start to finish, but at no time was there any danger of the Normal's losing. The final score was 27 to 17.

The next morning we boarded the O. R. & N. motor car for Walla Walla. This game was the hardest and roughest game of the trip. At the end of the first half, the score was 23 to 10 in favor of our opponents. The second half was about even, the final score being 39 to 26 in favor of Walla Walla. The return game here at home proved that we had the superior team.

At 4:30 the next morning we rolled out and took the train for Lewiston. We visited the Normal School in the afternoon. The Dormitory building was fine. McManus speaking of it said, "It is the finest north of the Mississippi."

The game with Lewiston was the best one of the trip. It was the cleanest and by far the fastest. The Lewiston Tribune says, "Their team worked like a machine." The final score was 34 to 17 in favor of the Ellensburg Normal. This keeps up the

reputation that the Ellensburg Normal has never been beaten by any other Normal School.

After the game we were entertained by the girls at their fine Dormitory. Here we met the faculty members and had a big feast.

The next game was with the Asotin High School. This place was about six miles from Lewiston, and as there was no railroad, we hired a rig. This was a very easy game as may be seen by the score 68 to 12 in our favor. After the game we drove back to Lewiston and remained over night. At seven the next morning we bade good-bye and started for Ritzville, which place we reached at seven in the evening.

We had a fine gym. to play in, but as the team was very tired after their long day's journey, they did not play up to their form, although they outplayed their opponents, the final score being 38 to 15.

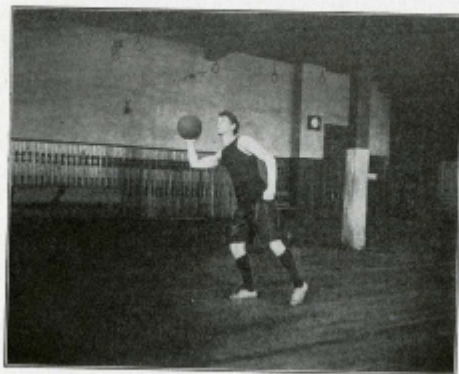
The next morning we left for Lind to play our final game. The team showed its skill in team work. In the last half each man made four baskets. The final score was 72 to 18.

Sunday at 1:30 we arrived home, safe and sound. The trip was a success from start to finish with the exception of losing the one game with Walla Walla. The total number of points made in the six games 257, making an average of 44 points per game, our opponents making a total of 118 and an average of 19 points for each game.

The rest of the season included a return game with Walla Walla, which was won by the score of 23 to 18, and a game with Yakima Y. M. C. A. which was captured by the score of 21 to 13. This closed the season with a record of nine games won and two lost, the team winning on their own floor from the only two teams which had won from them.

This will be the last year for two of the men on the team. McManus will graduate in June, and Henry will enter Pullman next year.

The credit for a great deal of the work of the first team is due to the second team which practiced faithfully against them and many times made them fight to come out of practice with the long end of the score. The men on the second team who deserve special mention are: George Chample, the left-handed forward, who caused McKinstry more grief than any one else; Fillmore, who played a consistent game as guard and acted as substitute for the first team in two games; Stenger, the Big Forward, deserving credit for his excellent passing and hard work; Woods, who with Fillmore made a pair of guards almost as good as the first team pair; Newton, as center during the latter part of the season, was the same old "Moose" which he had proved to be on the first team for two previous seasons; and McDonald was the all round utility man on the second team and could play any of the positions with credit.

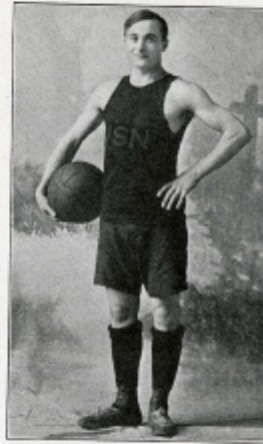


THE TEAM



Potter

McKinstry, "Mac," is playing his fifth year on the W. S. N. S. Basket Ball Team. He is a veteran at guard and his excellent field playing is in a class entirely by itself. It was his deadly shooting from a distance that put many a team on the defensive. His quick passing is accountable for many of the games won and his untiring effort is highly appreciated by all who saw him play.

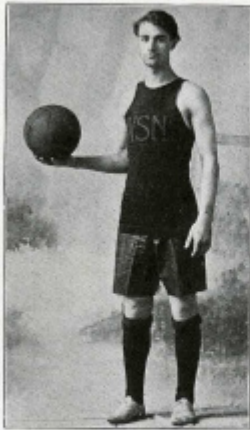


McKinstry



McManus

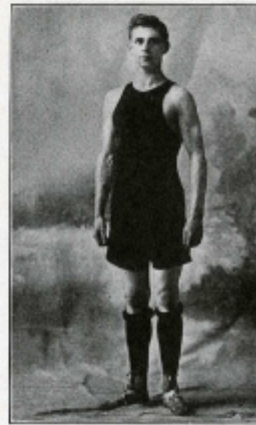
McManus, "De Mut," the old war horse, was the backbone of the team in many trying circumstances. He could be thoroughly depended upon to be the man in the right place at the right time. His playing at center this season has been exceptionally good, outplaying nearly every man he faced. He was always ready with a "That sounds good to De Mut," when the team felt blue.



Gwin

Playing at center, Gwin opened the season with promise of making one of the strongest centers the Normal ever had, but sickness and heavy work caused him to lose much time from practice, and consequently relegated him to the position of general utility man, which he filled with honor and credit to himself and the team.

Captain Rader, "Bennie," is playing his fourth year on the team and as a running mate for McKinstry, helps form a pair of guards, which is hard to equal in the Northwest Interscholastic Basket Ball. As back guard Rader handles the ball with such grace and accuracy that he has many times saved the day and turned possible defeat into victory.



Rader



Henry

Henry, "Bill," is playing his third year on the team. His work this year has developed him into one of the fastest field forwards in the state. For making baskets from hard positions, he is entitled to first place on the team. He is a man that was always in good physical condition and could be depended upon to play the game of his life at a moment's notice.



Robinson

Manager Robinson, "Wobby," joined us this year, having played two years on the Ellensburg High School team. His work was a sensation throughout the season. The Lewiston Tribune, speaking of the game with the Lewiston Normal, said, "His work as forward was by far the best seen this year of any Interscholastic player." Playing at back forward, it became his lot to keep the average of the games up and this he did averaging close to ten baskets in each game. Through the perfect passing of his team mates he was able many times to free himself and cage the ball.

Girl's Basket Ball

W. S. N. S. vs. N. Yakima H. S. at Ellensburg Jan. 27.

After practicing for nearly two months, the girls arranged a game with N. Yakima; the game started with a rush, and interest was high every moment. N. Yakima took the lead from the start, since they were able to connect the ball with the basket more easily than could our girls. Score: N. Yakima, 15; Ellensburg, 7. After the game, the W. S. N. S. and the N. Y. H. S. girls and the W. S. N. S. first and second team boys were invited to the Normal Club House, where an oyster supper was served and a social time had.

W. S. N. S. vs. N. Yakima H. S. at N. Yakima March 1.

After the first game of the season, the girls practiced hard, and when they went to N. Yakima to play the return game, they had hopes of winning, although the N. Yakima team was decidedly heavier than the Normal seven. At the end of the first half, after 15 minutes of good, fast playing, the score stood 5 to 3 in favor of Yakima. At the end of the second half, the score stood 11 to 7, still in favor of the Yakima team. The team work of the Normal girls was far above that of the opposing team, and the game was won for Yakima by one of their forwards, who, on account of her size, was able to throw baskets in spite of the good work done by her guard. The Normal team was royally entertained at the High School.

W. S. N. S. vs. Roslyn H. S. at Ellensburg March 24.

This game was one-sided. After thirty minutes of slow playing, where the Ellensburg girls had things all their own way, the score stood 28 to 6, in favor of Ellensburg. The principal excitement in this game was the large number of fouls called by the Roslyn referee, on the opposing team. A spread was given the visiting team in the Domestic Science rooms.



From left to right: Peggy Crim, Elizabeth Baldwin, Helen Ames, Annette Rehmke, Bernice Hosfelt, Mollie Brown, Sara Baldwin, Cora Forbes.

Girl's Athletics

W. S. N. S. vs. Roslyn H. S. at Roslyn March 31.

The Normal team did not practice after the game played with Roslyn, and two of the first team girls were unable to go to Roslyn to play the return game. This game was more exciting than the first, and, although the Normal team was the only one able to throw field baskets, the Roslyn girls threw the fouls, of which there were many. At the end of the second half, the score stood 5 to 5. It was decided to play until one side made 2 points. The best playing commenced at this time, one foul and a field basket thrown by the Normal girls ended the game. Score: W. S. N. S., 8; Roslyn, 5.

The girls making the team are: Annette Rehmke (captain), who has played on the Normal first team and the Babies' team; Mollie Brown (manager), who played for two years on the North Yakima High School team; Bernice Hosfelt, who played on the Babies' team; Sara Baldwin, who has played on the Normal team for six years; Cora Forbes, Elizabeth Baldwin, Helen Ames and Margaret Crim.

There have been many discussions as to whether the girls of the school should not have a baseball and a track team. At present there is no track to practice on, but practice for baseball will begin soon.

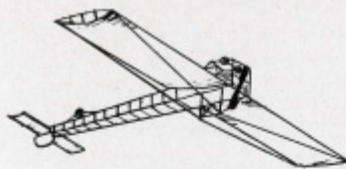
Tennis is a popular sport among the girls, but, so far, no team has been chosen. It is hoped that next year the girls will participate in more athletics, and it is certain they would make a good showing, because there is good material in the school to choose from.



TRAINING SCHOOL W. S. N. S.

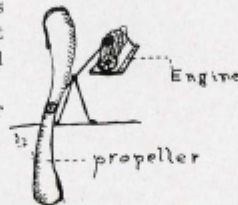
EXTRACTS FROM "DESCRIPTION OF AN AEROPLANE,"

Written by Victor Benson, Ninth Grade.



is used. The propeller looks wind mill. It is first sawed out saw, after being sand papered varnished.

aeroplanes, the monoplane or which has two.



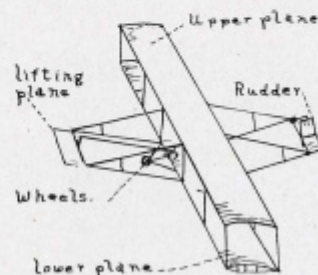
The biplane is more stable than the monoplane on account of its greater lifting surface. The monoplane is swifter, not on account of the power, but having less lifting surface, it has to go more swiftly to stay in the air.

The framework of the planes is made of bamboo and tough light wood. The covering is made of different kinds of materials—silk, bleached muslin, or sometimes light canvas. The cloth is stretched tight over the framework and varnished several times.

The propeller is one of the most essential parts of the aeroplane. It is made with greatest care, and only hard wood, with a straight grain

something like the blade of a of a suitable plank by a hand several times, it is carefully

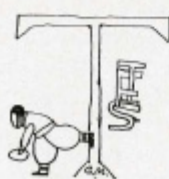
There are two types of single plane, and the biplane,





Back row, from left to right: Robert Shotwell, Marie Ingalls, Eddie Ellis, Neria McKee, Margaret Kruger, Leslie Becker, May Maxwell, Hensen Utchicata. Lower row: Catherine Shotwell, Victor Bensen, Nadene Wheeler, Roy Kinney, Cecil Coon, Jay Cambell.

October Sport



THE boys like foot-ball thru
and thru,
For they are playing always;
And I go down to see the
game—
Oh, that's the best of all
days!

—Bert Anderson,
5th grade.



UT I think Hallowe'en is best,
For then we play some folly;
We carry big ripe pumpkins
out,
And dress them up so jolly.

—Aleen Kenny,
5th grade.



Boy's Domestic Science Class

As a result of a decision made partly in fun and partly in earnest, three boys of the Training School formed a domestic Science Class and are progressing in their work. The members of the class are: Victor Bensen, Robert Shotwell and Leslie Becker.

Primary Department of the Training School

We of the primary department of the practice school have been broadening our ideas and knowledge this year by trips over various lands.

We went with Santa Claus at Christmas time and visited the homes with this privileged saint. We went to the German homes, where we were taught lessons of economy. In the Holland homes St. Nicholas is a reality, and teaches the difference between good and bad children by the presents he leaves. To many foreign lands we went and finally returned to our own beloved land with the feeling that where'er we go, there is always the same opportunity of "loving and giving" and that Christmas time is indeed a time of love.

In January, from "Peeps at Many Lands," the "Wee Ones of Japan," "Our Chinese Cousin," we learned much about peoples, customs and art.

Speaking of Art makes us think of the work done in this subject. We pictured landscapes and illustrated stories and poems. We made designs for all sorts of useful articles; such as, baskets, rugs, booklets, etc. The art of picturing real action followed, and posing was the order of the day. Then the "Reign of Cats" began. Black cats, gray cats, tortoise-shell cats; cats that were cross and cats that were kind; lazy cats and cats that were active; cats that were lost and cats that were found; cats to the right of us, cats to the left of us; cats that were here and cats that ought to have been here; cats afraid and cats resentful! Cats! Cats! Cats! We had cats detailed and cats entailed.

When the week was over, we were not sure which was to be congratulated—we or the cats. Of one thing we were certain. With the "Pussy Willow" came peace and quiet after the storm. Their gray furry coats and brown blankets brought a sense of warmth and comfort, and we painted with a right good will.

In music we enjoy the rhythm and singing of our songs. Our music supervisor tells us that we must give an operetta for our closing program. We little folks will give something about Red Riding Hood or Mother Goose or something like that. We think it will be interesting, especially, as we will have an Art exhibit also. Then our parents and friends can see just what we can do.



The Dormitory

Dormitory Calendar

Sept. 13—New girls arrive and meet their roommates, whom they are taking for better or worse.

Sept. 14—Everybody registers and takes the sight-seeing car.

Sept. 23—First Dorm. dance. Marguerite meets Jim. Some hit.

Oct. 20—Two diamonds in the mail.

Oct. 31—All tables are gayly decorated for Hallowe'en.

Nov. 1—Florence packs her suit case.

Nov. 2—The girls go to see Faversham (?).

Nov. 3—James Hackett and the girls out in full force.

Nov. 5—Informal dance.

Nov. 23—Spread in room 9.

Nov. 24—Big Thanksgiving dinner at which 55 were present.

Dec. 7—Girls' dance, ice cream spread in room 5 afterward.

Dec. 8—Alice cooks sauer kraut.

Dec. 10—Oh, you limburger!

Dec. 14—Isabel spells her name with a "Y."

Dec. 15—Louis Trempe spills gravy on his shoulder.

Dec. 16—Xmas dance—spread up-stairs.

Dec. 17—Farewell spread for Beulah and Clara.

Dec. 18—Mrs. Arthur resolves to lock the door at 7:05 A. M.

Dec. 21—Bessie Bryan goes out with a hat, which is laid up for repairs after limburger.

Dec. 21—All aboard for home. Dorm. deserted except for faithful four.

Jan. 1—Resolution passed by Mrs. Arthur, that rooms 27 and 11 shall be more quiet.

Jan. 2—Special train for Ellensburg.

Jan. 3—School again.

Jan. 3—Spread up-stairs on down-stairs goods, unknown to the Matron.

Jan. 27—Installment of meter.

Feb. 1—Lights out at 10:30.

Feb. 2—Mrs. Arthur's spread.

Feb. 3—Dorm. graced by half the Faculty.

Feb. 26—Seen (scene) in the parlor, and heard also (?).

Mar. 2—Company manners in the dining room.

Mar. 31—Dormitory dance.

Apr. 1—Special delivery letter.

Lively Larks

Many a night the girls stole forth
 Just after the lights were out,
 And wound their way to a corner room,
 Where they did giggle and shout.
 In No. 3 there chanced to be
 Weiners and sauer kraut.
 In No. 2 what did we do
 With salad, buns, and ice-cream, too?
 In No. 6, oh, such a fix,
 The apples and pillows sure did mix.
 In No. 9, O my, 'twas great—
 A lightening changes an angel food
 cake.
 In No. 5 we were always alive,

Till the scent of coffee filled the
 air.
 Then, down through the hall came a
 voice not so small,
 "Say, what are you doing there "
 Under the beds and tables the girls did
 crawl
 And sudden silence reigned over all
 Till footsteps were heard retracing the
 hall.
 Then, from their places, trembling with
 fright,
 Each girl stole forth and retired for the
 night.

—Vertal B. McKighs

Dormitory Notes

Florence (coming in from the Congregational Church): I didn't know that his arm was so long.

Howard B.: Say, Dixie, Frank Palmer told me during Xmas that your heart was as hard as glass. How can I cut it?

Dixie: Try a diamond.

Fan: My, but I hate red hair.

Potter: I like red hair in Wapato, but blonde in Ellensburg.

(Heard in the parlor) Eva D.: Lillian wants her name removed from the Eclectic list.

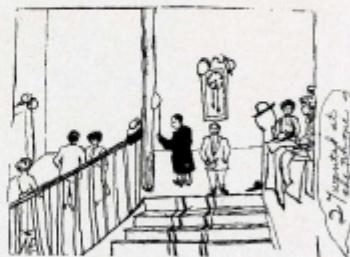
Louis T.: I'll see her right away about that, because she gave me her consent the first day she was here.

Ruth: What's the matter, Agnes? Catching cold?

Agnes (sneezing violently): No, merely calling Miss Kichura.



Saturday morning at the Dorm.



Saturday night at the Dorm.

A Limburger Limerick

A din, a roar, we opened the door.
And there in the hall saw a procession.
Negroes were they armed for the fray,
With spoons and pans in possession.
"Grand feed on," was the general cry,
"We're on too," was the glad reply,
And all wended their way to Eleven.
A sniff, a groan, or was it a moan?
What an odor met their eager arrival!
A rush for the door and then something more,
Of screams a general revival!
"Grand feed off," was the general cry,
"We're off too," was the sad reply,
And glory reigned for "Limburger."

Heard in the Parlor

Time—7:32 P. M. Thursday night.

Place—Entrance to Dormitory parlor.

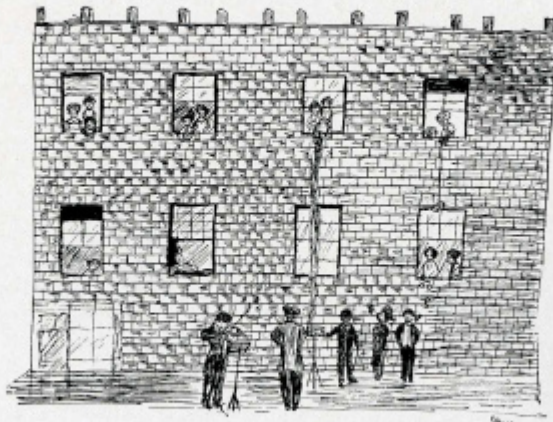
Girl—Katherine Macdonald. House Pres.

Villain—Jim McKinstry.

K.: Jim, you know you wouldn't be here at 7:32 if Mrs. Arthur were home.

J.: That's true.

K.: Brutus was an honorable man.





NORMAL CLUB

The Girls

From Evelyn tall to Myrtle small
 And Margaret ever studious
 We look at Fern so small and stern,
 Then to Christabelle ever duteous.

 Next we behold Mollie so bold,
 Who looks at the sights in the Parlor,
 And Ollie her mate so very sedate,
 Who holds up her hands in great horror!

 Then in our rhyme is Edith sublime,
 Who competes with the birds in her singing—
 And Bernice so fair is ever there
 When she hears the doorbell ringing.

 Now there is Mary, who never will tarry,
 Except o'er pages of German
 And Gertrude so sweet, who ever looks neat,
 Especially Sunday night at the Sermon.

 Last to the room where all is abloom
 And Edna her brushes is plying;
 For these are the girls of the Normal Club
 Who have made the time go flying.

Table Topics

Dr. H.—New York Farm and Round Barn
Mrs. P.—Afternoon Parties
Guy—Fern
Jim—High School
Ray—"Mum's the word"
Strupplers—Sunday Visit Home
Gertrude—Basket Ball Star
Bernice—Basket Ball Bill
Mollie—Yakima's Basket Ball Teams
Myrtle B.—Automobiles in Auburn
Evelyn—King Louis and Queen Anne.
Erma—High School Professors
Miss Nash—Banquets
Margaret—Domestic Science
Mary—Physics and Mr. Frazee
Myrtle G.—Shelly, Her Favorite Poet.
Mr. Beardsley—His Responsibilities
Will—Pretty Girl Pictures

Mollie was cautiously coming up back stairs with an over-loaded plate of crackers, when—

Dr. H.: Why didn't you get more, Molly?

M.: 'Cause I couldn't carry 'em.

What the people in the parlor at the Club House hears:—

"Just Some One."

"I Love You Truly."

"Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland."

"Some Day When Dreams Come True."

"Don't Stay After Ten."

What the girls in the next room are up to:—

Standing on trunk, peeking thru the convenient crack, with handkerchiefs in their mouths.

What do they see? Guess!



COTTAGE CLUB

The Ballad of the C. C. C.

As the Normal's last term ended,
'Neath the glorious black and red,
Miss Housley, a scheme was revolving.
Which buzzed and hummed in her busy
head.

"Ah, those girls," mused she, "how I
love 'em!"
And longingly looked from afar,
Where she saw our dear English
teacher
Shining 'mong her girls like a star.

"Now," said she, pointing that finger
At our principal's smile-wreathed face,
"I'm going to get me some like 'em,
And keep 'em all there at my place.

"I'll get me a house with a kitchen,
Make it nice and cosy and bright.
I'll make no rules about rising,
Only tell them they must not fight."

The principal's face was a study
As he shook his negative head.
"It can't be done, it can't be done,
I'm afraid," was all he said.

But she kept still, (like a woman).
Though that scheme just grew so fast

That soon she began her home
searching,
And found this quaint cottage at last.

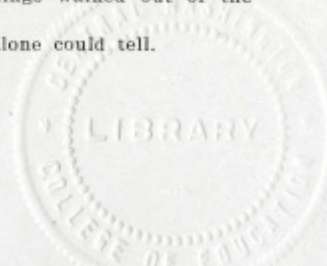
Bright, cosy, and homelike she made it
For the girls who were coming so soon;
She worked like a dear mother chicken,
Making plans for each nice little room.

The boys of the club were soon settled,
Because Newton was there first of all,
And he quaked and shook in his booties
When he thought of that first rising
call.

For he likes to sleep, does Newtie,
In the morning when it's getting late;
And breakfast is always too early
Though it's full two hours past eight.

Then soon the rooms began ringing
With sounds rather strange and new,
For in came that crowd of club girlies,
Coming singly and two by two.

First came Little Helen, the baby,
And the boss of her roommate as well.
How sweet things walked out of the
pantry,
Little Helen alone could tell.



Close in her wake followed Lena,
With her sweet, gentle, motherly ways.
The first time she got into mischief
She put the whole club in amaze.

Then, next came the Fates, the triangle,
Bound so closely they would not part,
Declaring that if two rooms should
hold them,
'Twould sure be the break of a heart.

The boss of the gang was Helen;
And she earned the name no doubt,
For the trials she suffered were many;
Such as, Candy swiped, Frozen, Locked
out.

An oyster, the cause of her worry,
Talked all night like a busy bee;
If they would say: "You, Glow, stop
your snoring,"
Glow would calmly start hunting for
"g."

The other was Susie, the pigmy,
The martyr who always kept still.
Not a word could she ever get spoken—
'Tis so sad, it fairly gives me a chill.

No sooner had these hurricanes
settled
And peacefulness reigned over all,
Than a timid knock came on the door-
sill,
And the club angel gave them a call.

Marie was the name of this angel,
With her eyes and that smile so rare;
She's never been CAUGHT swiping
cookies
Nor wearing the other girl's hair!

Her roommate, I'm sorry, was different,
For her wings have no sprouts as yet
shown;

But Frances you'll never catch napping
In the lively "club-doin's" At Home.

The club dignity happily landed
On Mrs. Owens', the book-lover's, head,
But, whenever she gets a bit saucy,
Little Helen firmly puts her to bed.

But soon a buzz began brewing,
And it hummed and whirled on high,
And the reason of all the turmoil
Was a new member just drawing nigh.

Soon she landed in all her glory
In the out-stretched arms of the club;
Miss McMurchy, the name was a
puzzler,
But the owner they found sweet and
good.

But still there was one chair left
vacant;
And the girls all watched with glee,
Wondering and guessing among them
What the last new club member would
be.

When she came, what a great change
she brought us,
Bringing peace and banishing fears;
May needs naught else to be happy
Save the tale and the time to shed
tears.

As soon* as the household was settled,
Then the fun of the club drew near;
Their parties, their picnics, their
mothers,
Their fathers, and so forth, all year.

Our spreads have been many and often,
But greatest of all, no doubt,
Was our juniors entertaining the
mascot

Of the Seniors, at his first dinner out.

And in years to come, far distant,
Our hearts fondest joys will bud,
When we think of our bright happy
school days,

Of Miss Housley, and our dear Cottage
Club.



Haste thee Bill, and bring along - jokes and some old comic song
Snips and snaps and spilling laughs; fun and smiles that fly like chaff.
Wrinkled nose and little eyes; peaked head that's not too wise
Dimples deep in each plump cheek; rolling form and big fat feet
Expression mild but not too meek - ears to hear and voice to speak
Then haste thee Bill and do your best - for the sun has long been sunk in the west
And the editors up in the Rooltuo nest are working hard, you must do the rest
Smile from your perch in the Normal Tower and gladden the long slow passing hours
Smile on the editors all looking sour. Cheer them up with your magic powers
If the staff's poor nerves survive the test, make this Rooltuo of all, the best.
It will be first of all among the rest because you, little Bill, did your very best.

A Komical Kalendar of Kurrent Konditions

Sept. 12. Great consternation in Ellensburg! Students pouring into town from all directions. Citizens panic stricken. Depot platform nearly covered with great deluge of suit cases and hat boxes.

Sept. 14. Everything in uproar at the Normal. Students wildly rushing all ways at once as though life and fortune depended upon one thing—classification.

Sept. 15. Prof. Wilson in critical condition. Thinks he is proverbial old woman in a shoe.

Sept. 17. Y. W. C. A. reception. Watermelon chief feature of the evening.

Sept. 21. Feeble stir in assembly—Seniors COMING OUT. Little boys make speeches. Very pretty drill and school song. Assembly appreciate first attempt at publicity.

Sept. 22. Secret meeting of Junior Class. Vengeance planned.

Sept. 23. Seniors' Waterloo. Great excitement in assembly, uprising of Juniors. Sad termination. Burial of Seniors.

Oct. 23. Dormitory reception. Reported that McManus made nine different trips to the refreshment room, and still was able to sit up and eat, the day following.

Oct. 24.—Dr. Munsen's speech in Assembly. "The cuckoo bird is a very funny bird. He lays his eggs in other birds' nests and lets them raise his young ones for him."

Nov. 21. "Weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth." Fundamental truths regarding characters of students handed out wholesale under form of "First Estimates."

Nov. 25. All students depart for homes. Railway companies in serious condition of overwork, but quiet peacefulness again reigning supreme over the happy city of Ellensburg.

Dec. 15. Vague feeling of unrest permeating throughout the entire student body. Suit cases packed and lessons neglected because of great coming event of "Going Home," to take place in three days!

Jan. 10. Juniors begin to advertise the coming lecture which is to be given under their auspices. Other students allege that neither life, limb, nor property are safe until they have bought a ticket, as long as Louis holds the floor.

Jan. 16. Basket Ball heroes depart on journey of victory or death.

Jan. 21. Excruciating outburst of oratory in form of Sam Rugg's extemporaneous speech in assembly—said: "For Heav— excuse me, for goodness' sake, be sure and see that cathedral at Salt Lake. It's just wonderful. It's goose-egg shape, ye know."

Jan. 23. Return of basket-ball heroes. Speeches in assembly—stories of Lewiston Normal very much in evidence.

Jan. 27. Normal Girls' Basket-Ball Team received a momentary interruption in their march toward the pedestal of victory, in the form of a score of 15 to 8, from Yakima High School.

Feb. 3. Thus endeth the first chapter. Deep, heartfelt sighs heard throughout building because of end of first semester. Faculty gains a store of valuable information in regard to their little peculiarities in the Students' Day exercises.

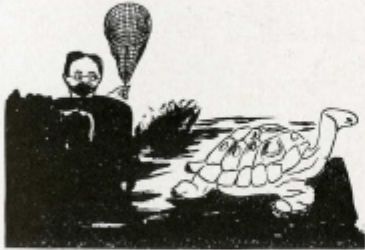
Feb. 6. More trouble and confusion. Normal looks like reincarnated Bedlam. New semester.

Feb. 13. Most unlucky day in the little Training scholars' calendar—Juniors enter upon their pedagogical careers.

Feb. 27. Semesters' grades handed out. "Ah, Death, where is thy sting?"

A Tale of a Turtle

Dr. Munson, while out hunting
In a land far, far away,
Chanced upon an awful creature,
A mammoth turtle, so they say.



When he first espied the creature,
He was filled with sudden fear;
Even though a Normal teacher,
He did not dare to venture near.

Then, the good man's heart grew
braver,
And with net, both large and strong,
He determined then to catch her
For his laboratory throng.

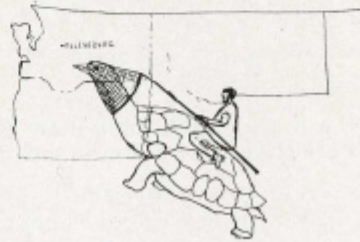


On he drove the mighty turtle,
Captured in his great big net,
Over fields and valleys fertile
Through the woods and swamps so wet.

When it reached the dark blue ocean,
On the turtle he did climb,
For he rather had a notion
It would be his only time.

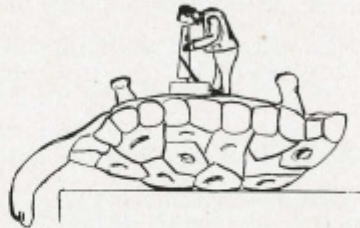


On the back of that great turtle,
Dr. Munson was at sea.
On and on the brave old turtle
To South America did flee.



Soon they reached the good old U. S.
Ellensburg then loomed in view.
But their speed was never lessened;
And they reached here, that is true.

The last scene of this strange story
Shows the turtle lying still,
Dr. Munson in his glory,
Using microscopes at will.



Dr. Munson had a turtle,
Found in lands far, far away;
And the story of this turtle
I have told you all today.

Jest 'Cause

There goes Ned and M—— Hawes.
Why?—Jest 'cause!
Why do they do their Art together?
Oh!—Jest 'cause.
Why do they choose the same library table?
Well!—jest 'cause.
Why does he always from school with her walk?
Um!—jest 'cause.
Why do they stand by their lockers to talk?
'Spose, jest 'cause.
Why do they—? (Well, don't ask me).
It's jest because!

Miss Hunt, to portrait class: "Do you notice that when the model lifts her head she carries her features with her?"

We learn from the Seniors that Greek literature is characterized by its natural and national bodice.

A kiss is a noun, but is generally used as a conjunction. It is never declined; it is more common than proper, used in the plural, and agrees with all.

Dr. Munson, in Sociology: "Do you believe in taxing breweries?"

Chas. Newton: "Yes, to their utmost capacity."

Goldie: I've tried lots of times, but I just can't wink my right eye.

Mr. Klemme: I guess the stimulus is not quite strong enough.

The melancholy days have come,
The days of the exam.
In fearful mood, with bandaged head,
Naught can I do but cram.

Mr. Rugg (in Expression class): The little Boy Blue is covered with dust—

Eva Dove: Humph, I guess he is.

Mr. Klemme, to Marion, who is whispering: What is the use of the Eustachian tube, Marion?

Marion: To keep the lungs supplied with air.

Miss Hunt (in Art Class): Now, to see the beautiful light and shade in the snow, you must close your eyes and look out of the window.

Eva Dove (to girls in "17"): When Charles Newton looked up at me as I came into the room, I knew my fate was sealed!

Miss H. (in German): Let's build a house.

Mr. Henry: Are you ready?

Little Training School Girl, walking to school with Lechl Evans: "You're my sister's teacher, aren't you?"

Lechl: "Why, yes."

Little Girl: "Well, mama says if I'm not good, I'll have to be an old-maid school-teacher, too."

The Kooltuo and Its Editors

I don't know how the Kooltuo ever happened, and I don't think God does, because there ain't a bloomin' word 'bout yearbooks and such in the Bible. An editor must be one of the missin' links you read about, who staid in the bushes while Moses was wading thru the Red Sea and then came out to write about it, and has been writing ever since; and the worst of it—editors of the Kooltuo never die. At least I never saw a dead one.

Our yearbook is a good one; but I must say the editors look hungry. The editor-in-chief was called on by a tramp for some food, who said he hadn't had nothin' to eat for six days. "Well, stranger," said the editor, "'come right in, for I want to know how you do it."

The Kooltuo editors have more trouble than a hen with one chick; they bustle around, trying to write material that other students will copy and use in splendid English composition.

I'm in love with the editors, because they are having a lot of trouble. If they make a mistake, there's a lot of expense with no money to cover it, a loss of much sleep, and a bankrupt Junior class.

When a doctor visits a young lady, he charges a big fee, but when an editor does the same thing he is charged with spoonin'. A doctor may take a drink and people say he's dry, but, if an editor takes a drink, they say he's drunk. Colleges make doctors; editors just growed. But here's hoping these editors pull through all right, and the Kooltuo comes forth with flying colors, Amen.

The Normal Boys

They are so few!
The boys! the boys!
The Normal boys!
Where are the Normal boys?
They are so few!
What shall we do?
They won't go half-way round;
Each girl is dear,
But never here
Can she a sweetheart find;
For—there are no boys.
No Normal boys
But what are all in use.
They are so few!
What shall we do?
They won't go half-way round.

—M. E. G.

Lines to a Knocker

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
"If I couldn't beat this story I've read,
I'd go to the pump and soak my head."



Girl's Garden of Verses

WANTED at once, by an elderly maid,
 A man for a hubby, unless he's afraid
 To apply; for he'll surely be taken at once.
 The man of my heart, in this rhyme I will tell,
 Must be short, fat and sassy, and jolly as well.
 Four feet, he must be, and inches eleven,
 To match with my height, which is six feet and seven.
 His face must be round and shine like a pan,
 And his short fringe of hair, a beautiful tan.
 A plain, barren pate would capture my eye,
 So sleek, smooth, and shiny that 'twould trip up a fly.
 His shining red face would bloom like a rose,
 Enhanced by the beauty of his turned-up pug nose.
 His faded blue eyes, looking out from their slits,
 Would the usual maid tickle out of her wits.
 The babyish lisp from his lips like a sheath
 Would make up for the absence of all his front teeth.
 His feet, the main part, are decidedly large,
 And of his plump wallet I'll gladly take charge.
 And now, ere I close, one thing more I'll say:
 No moustaches wanted, they're too much in the way.
 Wanted: a man, and wanted bad,
 Any kind of a man, if there's one to be had.
 Want him large, or want him small,
 Want him short, or want him tall.
 Want him young, or as old as sin;
 Want him fat, or want him thin.
 If his feet are large and his trousers short,
 Of him I will promise to never make sport.
 If his eyes are crossed and his nose is hooked,
 While his hair always wears a tempest-tossed look,
 And his ears flap around like a flag in the wind,
 Not a word will I say, if he has the tin.



Dr. Munson's exams—abandon hope, all ye who enter here.

Prof. Frazee (in Geo. Science Class): Mr. Trempe, what are Alpine glaciers?
Mr. Trempe: Alpine glaciers are those found in the Alps Mountains.

Miss Malmsten (in Senior Music): Now, I would advise you all to get a baton, for one of these little things is useful in more than one way in a class room.

Lee McManus (in Senior English): O, I know; Dionysus was a goddess, for I read that she was the wife of Hades.

Miss Malmsten (very energetically to Glee Club): Wait a minute, boys, you are making a mistake. I want you to hold ME through six counts. No laughing, please, I mean business; I want you to hold ME through six counts. Do you understand?

He passeth best who crammeth best
All things both small and big.
He passeth highest who can sit
And dig, and dig, and dig.

Miss Peck (in Expression class): I was to take the part of Bernardo, but there is nothing to say.

Miss Hutchinson: O yes there is; you say, "My Lord, from head to foot."

1st Student: Gracious! Aren't you afraid you will get water on the brain from studying such a large book?

2nd Student: No-o-o-o; it is such dry reading, you know.

Glow: Dr. Munson, what is the cause of temporary paralysis?

Dr. Munson: Well, generally, it is just caused by mere cussedness.

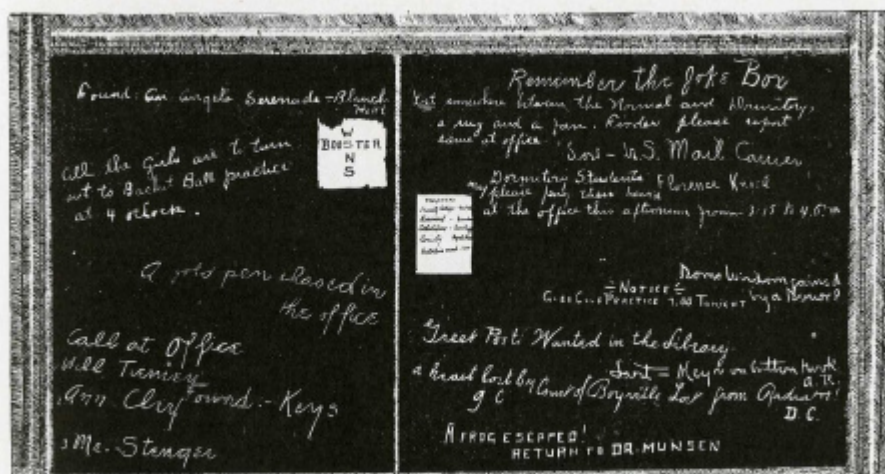
"I'll bet I can beat you making faces," said a Senior to a Junior.

"I should not be surprised," replied the Junior; "just see what a good start you've got."

Miss Hutchinson: Do you think, Mr. McKinstry, that you could give the proper expression to your thoughts if your shoe was hurting your foot?

Mr. McKinstry: I think I could, if circumstances permitted.

Erma Dull: No, Mr. Frazee, I don't think the sun is a molten mass. The light is caused by the minds of the vastly intelligent people who inhabit the sun.



All Gaul is divided into three parts: Music, English, and Biology exams.

Prof. Morgan (in Geometry): What is a quadrilateral, Miss Taylor?

Little Harriet: A four-sided figure, please sir.

Prof. Morgan: Then, what is a quadruped?

Bright Harriet: A five-sided figure.

Dr. Munson: Miss Kruchek, what organs of the body are controlled by the sympathetic nervous system?

Lucile: The vital organs.

Dr. M.: And in what part of the body are they located?

Lucile: On the inside, sir.

Miss Hutchinson (talking about the imagination): Miss Forbes, if you said that a maple tree had oblong leaves, what would you have done?

Miss Forbes: I would have told a lie.

Mr. Collins (in Geology Class): And where do we find coal in the United States?

Miss H.: Why, in Pennsylvania and Roslyn.

Dr. Harris: You may give your special report today, Nettie.

Nettie: I haven't ALL of it, Dr. Harris.

Dr. Harris: Then, give all you have of it.

Nettie: I haven't NEARLY all of it, Dr. Harris.

Dr. Harris: Give what you have.

Nettie: Well, really, I have only just a little of it.

Dr. Harris: Then, give us what you have.

Nettie: Well, really, Dr. Harris, I am unprepared today.

To an Earthworm

Long, fat and well preserved worm,
You're too pickled to try to squirm.
As in my fingers I lift you,
So lovingly,

What would you do if you but knew?
Squirm foolishly?

Cold blew the bitter, biting north,
When you would put your wee head forth;
But still you lived and still you grew
In earthly bed,
Until Prof. Munson wanted you,
So, now, you're dead.

Snip, snip, my scissors cut your skin—
I find it tough and rather thin.
There, now—I have found your brain
With microscope;
It looks as though you were quite sane,
But you lost hope.

Dear little worm, I love you so,
That I about you fain would know.
Though had you but been left to grow
In garden, happily,
You might have been chopped with a hoe,
Most cruelly.

—M. Gleason.

Student's Dictionary

- Annual—A compendium of hot air and caricatures thrust on the helpless student body and the general public by the Juniors.
- Appreciation—Envy in sheep's clothing.
- Borrowing—A diplomatic request; a student necessity.
- Bluff—An exterior manifestation which works the profs wonderfully. (Sometimes).
- Banquet—A five-dollar dinner for fifty cents in the Domestic Science Rooms.
- Cut—An operation that requires no knife—the daily-grade thermometers drop one per cent with each operation.
- Cramming—Result of overwork (?) during semester.
- Chief rooter—A vocal organ specialist.
- Dream—A malady common the night before exams.
- Dig—(See Juniors).
- Dimple—A projected blemish every girl desires.
- De Fore Cramblitt—A boy who writes so many friendly letters that he forgets how to write—business letters.
- Ease—The predominant trait of student activity.
- Fizz—Result of a professor's summary of conclusions of an unfortunate student.
- Flunk—The result of a bad opinion harbored in the breasts of any of the "powers that be" toward a bad bluffer.
- Fame—The nice things said about one at graduation time.
- Gym—An asylum for "overworked students."
- Grind—(See History classes).
- Gallery—A student monopoly of the Opera House.
- Graduate—School children's terror.
- Homesickness—Sad thoughts of new students.
- Hypocrite—A boy going to school smiling.
- Ixon's wheel—Biology laboratory.
- Junior—One versed in instructing the profs.
- Library—A place to practice self-control.
- Marian Stanyar—The bright, shining light of the Junior Class.
- Matriculate—Another wrinkle on the new student's forehead.
- Nuisance—The one who stands by and tells how much better he could do it.
- Overworked—Condition of the Kooltuo editors.
- Professor—One who worked hard in his college days.
- Quitter—One who leaves athletic practice because there is nothing more he can teach the coach.
- Reputation—A bubble which every girl bursts when she tries to blow it herself.
- Student—Scores of them at the Normal (?)
- Training School—After all, experience is the best teacher.
- Umpire—The man who is threatened with mob violence because every one knows how to do it better than he.
- Vanity—Seeing yourself as you would have others see you.
- Xam—Modern form of mediaeval inquisition.
- Zero—The result of righteous indignation of a professor.

Yes

Yes is a simple word of three letters. It means "Uh huh." It has produced more money for gold-brick schemes than is used for the federal navy. It has caused more tears than all the flunking in the Normal School. It has provoked more smiles in one hour than all the jokes of Students' Day. It has lost more money for easy-lenders than all the expensive legislative bodies on earth. It is the easiest to say and the hardest to take back. It contracts marriages and promotes divorces. It is only meant half of the time it is said. It adds vigor to both kisses and blows. It elect rascals and defeats statesmen. It is used more in lies than any other expression: Do you use it? Yes. Does the Faculty use it? Yes. Will every generation continue to use it? O yes.

Little Jack Horner

Horace said: "It is not enough that poetry should be so refined as to satisfy the judgment, it should appeal to our feelings and imaginations." Let me show you, oh careless reader, that the poem,

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Eating a Christmas pie.
He put in his thumb
And pulled out a plum
And said, "What a brave boy am I"

fulfills the quotation from Horace, and is a piece of literature which will live forever.

"Little Jack Horner."

Here we have no uninteresting details of father, grandmother, inherited traits, no high sounding names, but a simple introduction of our hero with a respectable name.

"Little"—so he was not large and doubtless he was Jack Horner Jr.

"Sat in a corner"

So our hero was not standing—but, where was he sitting?" In a corner" So he must have been in a house, for the earth being round, has no corners. But on what and in which corner was he sitting? This arouses our curiosity, hence appeals to our imagination, which is one fulfillment of Horace's words.

"Eating a Christmas pie."

Now Christmas pie are usually large and Jack was small, so doubtless our hero was sitting on the floor. By the word Christmas, our judgment tells us that this happened in December. This is the second fulfillment of Horace's quotation, for it satisfies our judgment. However we can not tell the day of the month, the day of the week or the time of day. It might have been before, on, or after Christmas day, as a pie might have been left over.

"He put in his thumb."

"He" refers to our hero, but why did he not use a spoon or fork? Did he not care for either, was he eating it on the sly, and dared not get one, or was his mother too busy to get one for him? Or why did he not put in his finger, and which thumb did he use?

But he put in his thumb. If the pie was hot, our feelings are aroused for the unfortunate Jack. This is the third requirement of poetry. Plums—so the use of plums was known there, but were they wild or tame, home grown or imported, fresh canned or dried? We can not tell whether the plum was thoroughly cooked and seasoned. These questions must be answered by our imagination. And said,

"What a brave boy am I."

Our hero was old enough to talk and to construct his sentences grammatically.

He considered himself not a mere child, or a man, but a brave boy. As a result of his daring to put in his thumb, he brought forth fruit, and considered his act one of bravery."

This poem of six lines cannot be called a sonnet, for the strange meter and unusual length classifies it as an epic. The uncommon subject and well followed plan would seem to place it with ballads.

—Myrtle Gleason

The Days Gone By

Fellow Students, each one of you, what is going on behind that mask which we call a face as you sit every morning in assembly and stare stolidly at the row of Faculty calmly gazing back at you. Perhaps you have thought, as I did this morning, what were those august members like before they were of any dignified Faculty—when they were boys and girls with no cares but those tiresome chores and no fears except that their mothers would forget and call them five minutes before bedtime, and that it would rain on the Fourth of July.

President Wilson, for instance, can you imagine him a little boy just entering school, with a shock of nondescript hair, merry blue eyes and a lithe active little body? He was never very strong, so his heroes were the boys with large hard muscles and a dare-devil courage. He played pranks on his teachers and schoolmates too, but then you see, he never dreamed that he would attain the unenviable position of pushing trembling graduates into the gulf of actual experience, with the parting admonition to love and teach (above all love) such as he was then.

Then Dr. Harris, I love to think of her as she must have been at sixteen, slender, shy, eager-eyed—hungry to know people and things but diffident in finding out. Can't you see her crouched in a corner of a window seat, a book in her lap, a long heavy braid of brown hair hanging on each side of her flushed face? Dr. Harris's happiest world was a land of dreams. She starts, as a soft voice calls her, and with a somewhat petulant expression, leaves her book carelessly, yes I said carelessly, on the window seat, giving it one last lingering look as she goes to answer the summons.

Teachers and fellow students you would all know Professor Morgan, if you met him as a little boy. He was the boy whose knowledge was displayed when there were visitors; the boy who, rising to his feet in horrible embarrassment, would gasp out a reply (of course it was always the right one or he would not have been called in). Johnny Morgan was scared of girls too, but he could not help pulling their hair when the teacher wasn't looking and tormenting them when school was out.

There's Dr. Munson! What a chubby, pink faced little chap he must have been, with bright brown eyes, and a mop of curly brown hair, and a dirty face. Fellow students can you imagine Dr. Munson with a dirty face and grimy hands? I know he liked jam too, when he was a little boy, not wisely but too well, and I can see him now as he was caught when the pantry door was opened suddenly, his short fat body perched on a chair and a guilty caught-in-the-act look on his sticky little face.

Miss Hunt? O Miss Hunt was a thin little girl with the long name, who drew pictures forcibly, of a long suffering dog. But alas these pictures were rarely finished. Her mother was proud of her, but whenever she praised Adaline, Adaline would back into a corner or out of a nearby door, where she would hide until the visitor had gone.

It was on school exhibition days that Miss Hutchinson shone. Bravely she waded through "The Wreck of the Hesperus" on the school platform, to the delight and applause of the beholders, some of whom openly told her, that she rivaled Sarah Bernhardt in delivery. And oh! the dreams she had in those days of what the future held for her and those who dreamed with her. Has she forgotten them I wonder?

Why sure enough there he is over in that corner. The boy of boys we have been looking for. "Why that dreadful little Klemme horror! Surely you don't want to see him! Yes he looks scared, and perhaps (?) he is, but not frightened enough to behave himself. He's the worst boy in the room without an exception. He laughs at everything and when I keep him after school he cries. What on earth can a teacher do with a boy like that? He may (?) be all right some day but goodness knows he ought to be, after all the trouble and care I've taken with him." Do you remember that school ma'am, Mr. Klemme?

Miss Malmsten was really the one we'd be proud of. Always neat and sweet in clean little gingham dresses, with her hair in curls, she was the acknowledged teacher's pet—the envy and despair of every other child in the school room. Miss Nash—oh my dear—I really do hate to even whisper it now, but it wasn't really her fault but the awful influence of that bosom friend of hers. Miss Nash did everything that bosom friend suggested and she had a very fertile mind. They climbed high barn rafters, played ball with the boys, jumped fences and creeks, raided the pantry for cookies, peered into deserted buildings, ran miles to a fire, tore enormous holes in their stockings and yet, strange to say, whenever a boy approached and Miss Nash was alone she stood on first one foot and then the other looking longingly about for support.

Mr. Frazee too, well who would have guessed it? That little jumping jack over

there? Yes he's the horse but I don't know the name of the boy in the wagon. A pity did you say to make a poor little chap like that Frazee youngster haul around that big overgrown lump of a boy? Between you and me that Frazee youngster adores that overgrown lump and enjoys pulling him. You see there are many boys in the neighborhood smaller than the Frazee boy and they pull him.

Is it possible! Yes that's what I said. You thought Professor Collins would be a good little boy. Well let me tell you right here he wasn't. He used to be the leader when the boys chased the girls home from school, first to bring down a sparrow with his sling shot, right with the gang stealing watermelons and, well if you call that good, why Mr. Collins was all that and more.

You wouldn't have known any of them. O yes you would. That boy or girl is just the same today. Perhaps you don't believe it but just look at Dr. Munson laugh all over some morning in the assembly, notice Dr. Harris's shy upward glance and smile or Pres. Wilson's twinkling eyes and Professor Klemme's delighted chuckle. Then you'll know that

"Men are only boys grown tall,
Hearts don't change much after all."



Advice from the Faculty

- | | |
|---|----------------|
| "Don't write your biography until you're dead." | —Prof. Klemme |
| "Be sure to see 'Thomas Cook and Son' when you want chocolate creams." | —Prof. Munson |
| "Girls, let somebody else carry your burdens—of books." | —Prof. Wilson |
| "All normal girls should engage the services of a nice young man to help them run their farms." | —Dr. Harris |
| "Always drop in a little blue before you rub it in." | —Miss Hunt |
| "'Cat Tales and Other Tales' should not be taken from the library." | —Miss Hoffma |
| "Take off that face and put on another." | —Miss Housely |
| "Use your smiles on your directors to get what you want." | —Prof. Collins |
| "I wish you would all observe the planet Mercury while it is visible. A good time is when you're strolling in the moonlight." | —Prof. Frazee |

NORMAL CLUB HALLS

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Soprano

Assisted by Gertrude E. B. Corbett

On the Solo Horn

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PROGRAM

Count Your Blessings

Jesuah Ebenezer Fry

Any Body Here Seen Kelly

In the Shadow of the Pines

Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight

Come Up Some Rainy Afternoon

I Am Having Lots of Trouble With My Smiles

Just a Wearying For You

A Widow's Plea For Her Son

Jungle Town

Dreaming For You

That Mesmerizing Tune

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Don't Miss an Opportunity like this. Get Nerve Insurance Tickets at Window Ambulance at door for attacks of Nervous Prostration. Hearts must reach the standard of 1000 beats a second before admittance is gained. Exit by manhole in ceiling or roof if stairway is too tedious.

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ELLENSBURG, WASH.



PROPOSED NEW CHURCH

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HENRY FILER, Musical Director.



A. L. CRIM

A Scientist and a Thermometer

Once on a gray and frosty morn,
When there was nothing very warm,
Up the stairs a professor made his way
To hear a class recite sociology.

'Twas nearly time for the class to meet.
And he was looking unusually sweet,
Until upon the wall he spied
A sight that made his eyes ope wide.

For by the door the mercury,
Which ne'er engaged in witchery,
Had sunk from top to bottom, so
It showed a temperature low.

Now the consistent instructor knew
That a degree of forty-two,
As he'd often emphasized in school,
Was strictly, now, against the rule.

A moment later there appeared,
In the heating plant across the way,
A Professor with a vandyke beard,
The fireman wondered what he had to say.

"Good morning," said he of the shovel
corps,
Gently speaking, for you see
'Twas a member of the faculty,
Famed in the art of pedagogy.

He asked, returning the salute,
"Is there no steam this morning, sir?"
"Why yes," said the fireman in surprise,
"The steam did sure to eighty rise."

"I don't believe," returned the first,
"That during all this frosty morn,
A speck of heat has reached my hall,
And now 'tis time to meet my class."

"Tis very strange," the fireman said,
"There must be something wrong,
The boilers now are almost red,"
Then he lounged upon his shovel.

"For fear perchance a grain of sand
Has lodged within a radiator,
I'll send around the janitor."
Neither of them could do more.

We can help you save. Our Line of
LADIES' FURNISHINGS,
RIBBONS, LACES
AND EMBROIDERIES

is bought at bargain prices and turned over to
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*"You judge a MAN by the company he keeps."
You judge a STORE by the class of goods they sell.*

R. B. WILSON & CO

TWIN STORES

The doctor turned to the upper hall
Where reigned he monarch over all:—
The animals of the earth and air,
The awful monsters of the sea,

Bones and skulls of every race,
Neatly arranged in a big glass case;
Coons, and skunks, and wild cats too,
Hold their places in clear plain view.

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Stylish Dresses are

STYLE

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Millinery a specialty.

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DON'T FORGET
SCHULTZ

—FOR—

FINE ICE CREAMS

AND CANDY : : :

When he'd returned to his place of bliss,
He found there already, in its midst,
A strange and sad conglomeration,
Known as the senior aggregation.

That pitiful class was trembling with
fear
Of a quiz that they knew approached
quite near,

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Model
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STOVES AND TINWARE

Plumbing and Heating

Each click of the dial increased their
trial,
But to them the cold was not severe.

They watched the doctor at every move,
As he walked hurriedly in once more,
Stopping to look again, as he came,
At the thermometer by his door.

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Sell high grade goods at the
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for low grade.

Everything in Stationery.

We want to serve and please
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WALKOVER SHOES

In his office his hat he lay,
And buttoned his coat about his chest;
Thus fully equipped for the coming day,
Took his usual place behind his desk.

To make a nation of men
and women to whom walking
will be a pleasure and with
whom perfect feet will be the
rule rather than the exception is
the mission of

THE EDUCATOR SHOE

Sold only in Ellensburg

J. P. FLYNN

414 North Pearl Street.

SMILE HATS

The quiz was soon well under way,
And the seniors who yet do rue the day,
Sank down into bitter remorse,
For his questions they could not
answer, of course.

THE ELLENSBURG PANTORIUM

can make your old clothes look
like new. Clothes Cleaned,
Pressed and Repaired. We
are up to date and change with
the fashions. French Dry
Cleaning a Specialty.
Prices are right. We aim to
please.

JAMES E. WILSON

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Phone Black 2871.

But you can do better at the

KITTITAS MEAT
MARKET

Dealers in Fresh and Salted
Meats.

Good service guaranteed

'Twas in the midst of all of this
That a man, in great surprise,
Entered the door and crossed the room,
Short of breath, with rounded eyes.

T. W. FARRELL

Harness and Saddles, Tents,
Awnings, Miners' Supplies

Oldest shop in the city.

Ordered Work a Specialty

Repairing on short notice

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Cut Glass, High Grade
Chinaware and Ham-
mered Brass.

—A full line of—

DRUGS and CHEMICALS

We have but one grade
The Best.

The janitor looked with deep concern
At the official thermometer,
Then turned about and gently laid
His hand upon the radiator.

CARSCADDEN

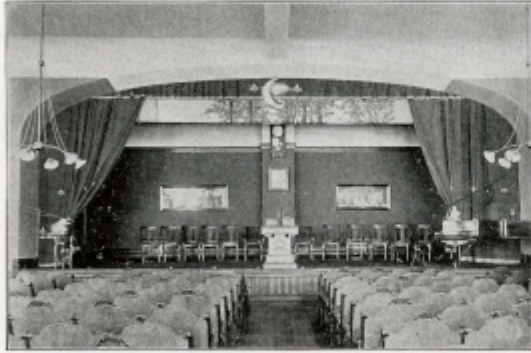
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First Principal,
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Twenty-first year will open September 10, 1911, with a faculty consisting of 22 members—9 men and 13 women, each specially qualified for *his* department.

The improvements made during the past year in the streets and grounds add much to the campus.

The departments of music, art, expression, kindergarten, domestic science and domestic art, are well equipped for the training of teachers.

A four year course beyond the tenth grade, and a two year course for graduates of accredited high schools, lead to a diploma good for five years, which in twenty-seven months of teaching matures into a life diploma.

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Find a larger and better assortment of Candies, Cookies and Crackers. We have the best.

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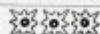
Find just what you want. If you will come into our store we will be glad to show you and tickled to see you.

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Phone Main 33.

Needless to say he jerked it away,
But, to complete his investigation,
He passed the Professor's office door
Where hung another thermometer.

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Guaranteed to wear four
months without darning in
heel, toe or sole—new
ones free if they
don't.

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THE

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Astonishment in an awful phase
Distorted the janitor's kindly face,
As if some fiend, not meek but mean,
Was making itself both felt and seen.

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∴

LAUNDRY

∴

Our service is a painstaking
one, not a painsgiving one.

∴

Phone Main 40.

QUEEN THEATRE



Always a good show.

Popular Prices.

Courteous Treatment.

Every Evening.

Then he cast a most inquiring look
At the tortured genius and his book,
Who sat wrapped up in an overcoat,
Busily pumping the class by rote.

T. T. HARDISTY

DRY GOODS

Ladies' Cloaks



The store that saves you
money.

Ellensburg, Washington.

The janitor looked at the mercury
Both agitated and perplexed,
Then all at once, his expression changed
And he seemed more pleased than
vered.

THE BANK OF ELLENSBURG



The oldest Bank in the County
offers for your reflection the
following Lincoln gem:

"Teach economy; that is one of
the first virtues.

It begins with saving money."

—A. Lincoln

THE BANK OF ELLENSBURG

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Our Specialties:

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FRED P. WOLFF CO.

He looked up as if about to speak,
But sadly he turned his head;
Then glanced with pity at the class,
And quietly left the room instead.

A couple of hours after that,
A student asked for an explanation
From the janitor, about the way
He had acted during the recitation.

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DENTIST



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McB. Milne, Tuner.

Care of the piano.

The janitor laughed in hearty tones,
But as soon as his mirth subsided,
He told how wretched the doctor had
been,
By science, for once, he had been de-
rided.

For, lo, in the thermometer's tube
Two columns of mercury,
The lower stood at forty-four,
The upper at ninety-three.

J. C. Hubbel

J. D. Mathews

HUBBELL & MATHEWS

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Kittitas valley orchard tract a safe, sure
and profitable investment for
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Finest and Best Photoplays in the world

Also the best in Vaudeville

Excellent Ventilation. Always Cool.

Come and spend a pleasant hour any time.

WE CATER TO THE BEST ALWAYS

When the instructor came, of course he
read
The lowest figures of this machine,
He shook and shivered as tho he'd
freeze,
And never noticed the space between.





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IS A GOOD TIME
TO START!
 Use our Engravings
 and get the Habit.

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